

The Industrial Pioneer

An Illustrated Labor Magazine

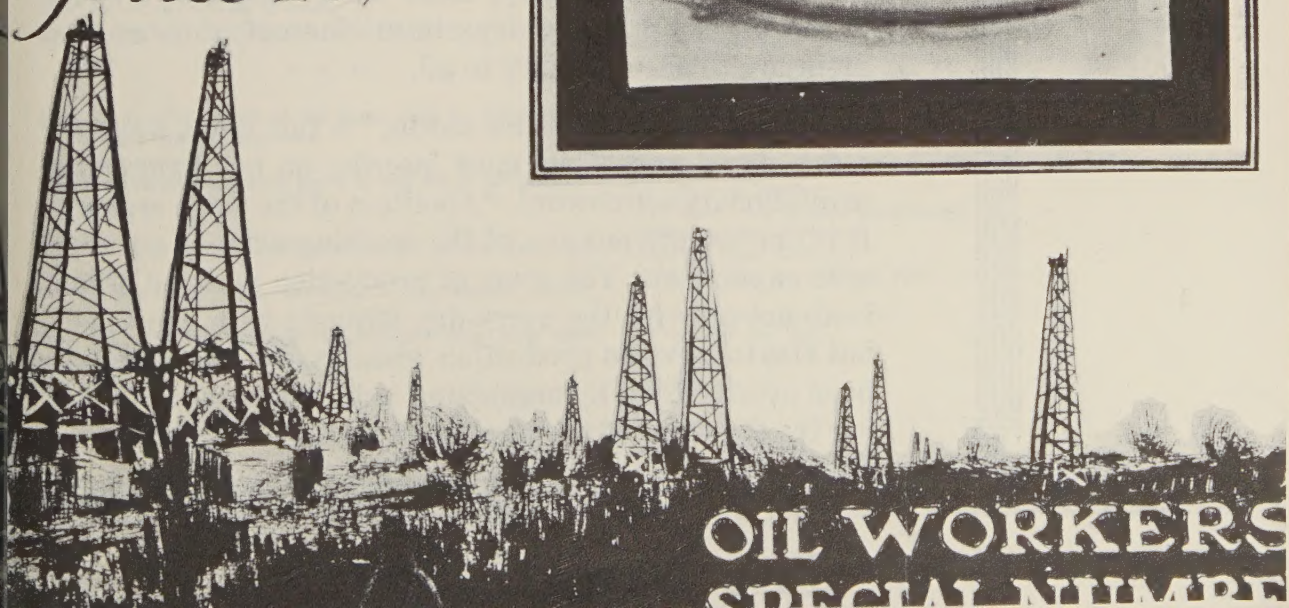
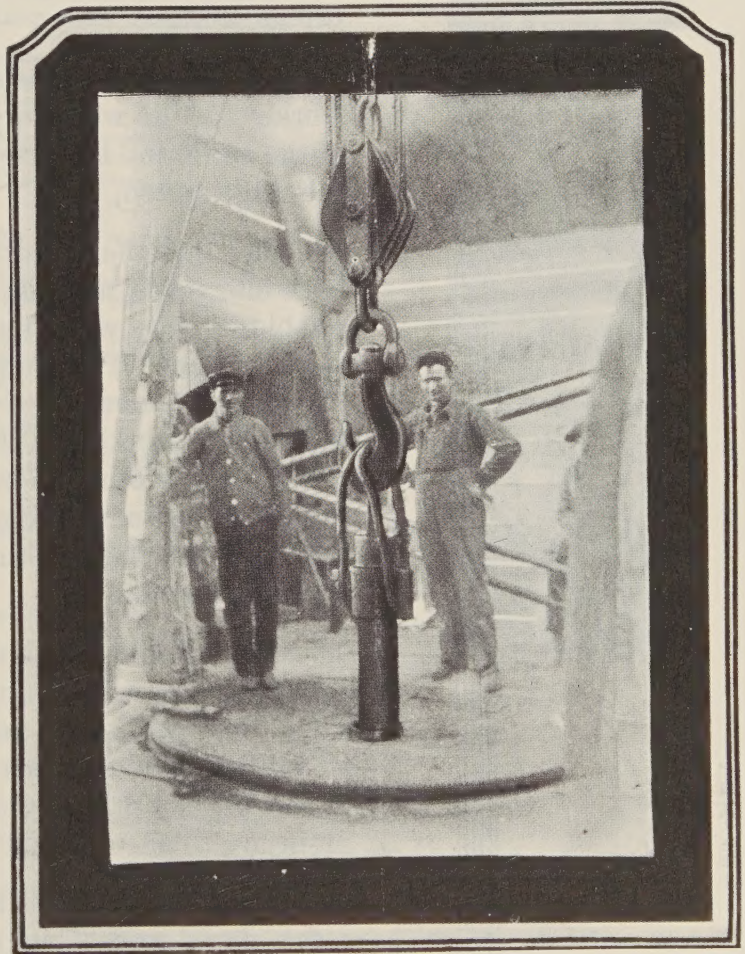
L The Magician

LK A Class Fabric

LMESIS Sequel to Annie

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NOVEMBER
Price 20¢



OIL WORKERS
SPECIAL NUMBER

PREAMBLE

OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS
OF THE WORLD



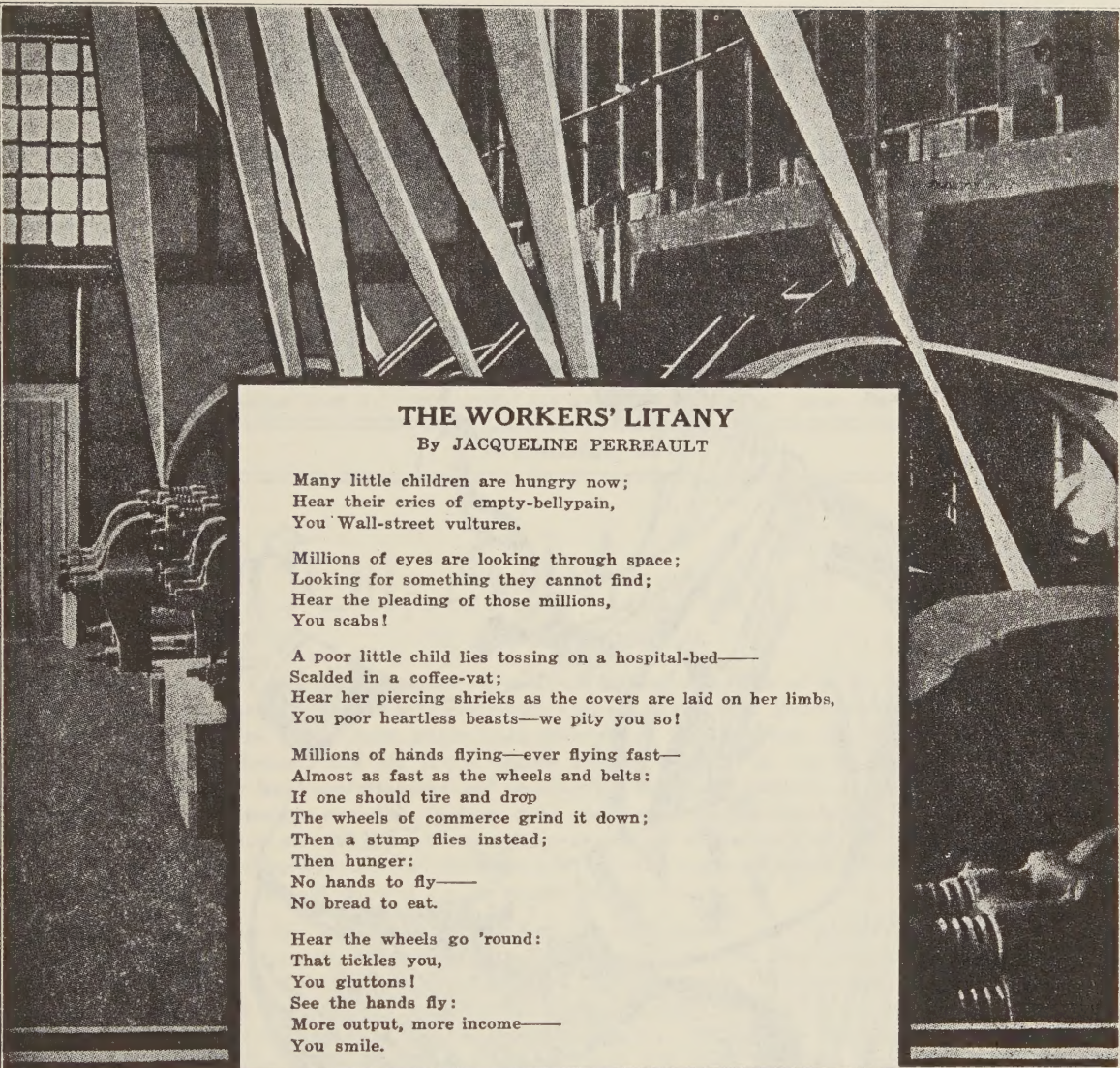
The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle **must** go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its **members** in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system." It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



THE WORKERS' LITANY

By JACQUELINE PERREAULT

Many little children are hungry now;
Hear their cries of empty-bellypain,
You 'Wall-street vultures.

Millions of eyes are looking through space;
Looking for something they cannot find;
Hear the pleading of those millions,
You scabs!

A poor little child lies tossing on a hospital-bed—
Scalded in a coffee-vat;
Hear her piercing shrieks as the covers are laid on her limbs,
You poor heartless beasts—we pity you so!

Millions of hands flying—ever flying fast—
Almost as fast as the wheels and belts:
If one should tire and drop
The wheels of commerce grind it down;
Then a stump flies instead;
Then hunger:
No hands to fly—
No bread to eat.

Hear the wheels go 'round:
That tickles you,
You gluttons!
See the hands fly:
More output, more income—
You smile.

Hear the small bones in the little foreigners' fingers
Being crushed—
"No, they cannot be heard—"
You cannot hear them—
The roar of the wheels is louder . . .
But I, who have a heart, can hear them.

* * *

May the feverish breath of the dying child be wafted to you
at your dinner today—
Till it nauseates,
And your bulging paunches heave in and out in convulsions
of agony.

May the cries of babes who suck at dry breasts reach your
ears—
So that you cannot enjoy the voice of your beloved ticker.

May the eyes of the host of understanding ones pierce
through to your souls—
If you have souls.

May the millions of flying hands tear at your brain—
So that you cannot sleep—
Or dream of the figures forever mounting
On the left side of your bankbook.

Your machine has crushed these millions—
You are setting it yourself—
It has no heart or soul—
No sense of justice;
It is stronger than you—
It will get you too.

While the armored hand of labor hammers incessantly
at your heart—
The clear voice of labor continuously cries—
Through your fault—
Through your fault—
Through your most selfish fault—

It is stronger than you—
It will get you too.
And then . . .
Ha ha!





“Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a’ tramping
That’s the best thing you can do”

THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

Edited by VERN SMITH

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Vol. II

NOVEMBER, 1924

No. 7

Oil, the Magician!

By GEORGE WILLIAMS

OIL, the Magician! Oil, the transposer of political power; the elixir of progress. Oil, the liquid gold that has transformed paupers into plutocrats and plutocrats into financial wrecks. Without oil the combustion engine would have never been discovered, and without the gas engine or motor we would still be using horses, and air travel would still be confined to the birds. The development of oil and its by-products has revolutionized and accelerated industrial progress. Oil has diverted political affairs into new and strange courses. Nations that were weak in the days when Coal was king, show a surprising reinvigoration of new life with the discovery of oil within their national boundaries, and those nations once dominant because of coal deposits are evincing signs of decay. Politically, the future of any nation from now on will depend on its supply of oil.

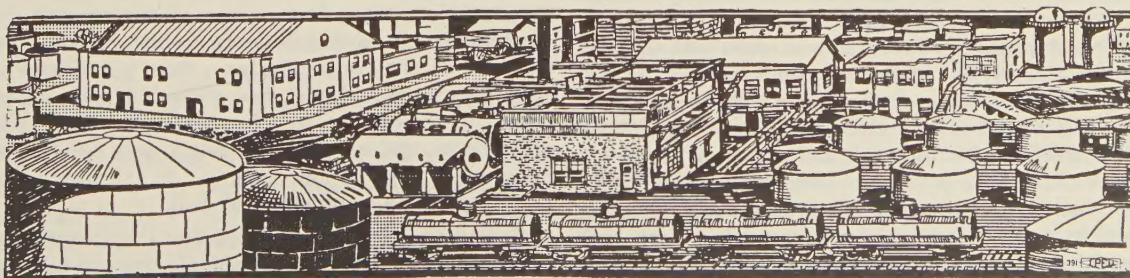
One of the lessons of the world war was the importance of oil. The Germans were crushed by a preponderance of oil supply—nothing else. Battleships motivated by oil fuel are so much superior to those that burn coal that there is no comparison. Coal-burning naval units are as useless as Chinese junks. Oil is king, politically speaking. King Coal is dead.

It is an axiom that political power is but a reflex of economic power, and oil being the basis of all political power today, it naturally follows that oil is of equally vital importance in the economic field.

The history of the world is marked off into eras of Stone, Bronze, Iron, Steel, Coal—and, finally, Oil, all marking the economic progress of man. The first tribe that utilized stone for protection and aggression became dominant over other tribes

less equipped. Iron, malleable into articles of commerce and war, created other dominant nations. Steel, superior to iron, again threw the advantage, temporarily, in other directions. Coal, making steam possible, shifted the balance of power again, and now Oil as a superior fuel and article of commerce is arranging a still different balance of power.

The great conquerors of political history were only symbols of better equipped armies. Rome conquered the world because of an economic advantage—metal and ships against stones and clubs. Rome is ancient history and only her memory remains. Her once tribute nations are now dominant. All through history the rise, and fall of nations can always be traced to the development of new discoveries in methods and materials. Just as surely as malleable metals were superior to stones and



clubs as means of protection and aggression, just so surely did the nation using the metals become dominant over the nation using stones and clubs. The nation that first developed steam-propelled warships and engines of production became dominant by sheer force of economic advantage.

To contemplate oil in its relation to the industrial life of modern civilization is to realize that the magic of the fabled magicians was empty chatter. Oil has the greatest utility value of anything known to chemistry. It furnishes power and heats the homes. Its medicinal properties are of the highest value. It harmonizes with every need of man, even to destroying parasitic insects. It is man's greatest asset. Used for political purposes, oil destroys humanity like flies—as in wars. Used in the sciences of industry, oil smooths the troublous pursuits of life. The paradox is the creation of capitalism.

Social Power

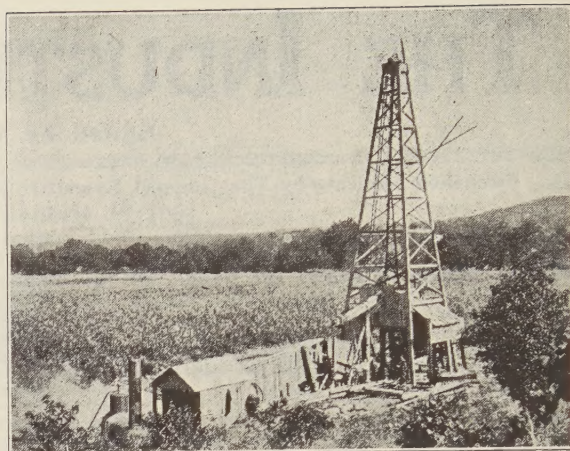
Oil represents power—and it IS power of vast potentialities to whoever controls it. The Standard Oil companies are the most powerful aggregations of capital in the world, proving thereby the economic supremacy of oil. Strangely enough labor unions have made little progress in the oil industry. And yet, were the oil workers organized, the very economic importance of oil would make such an organization the most powerful in the world; as powerful as oil itself, since labor produces that wonderful commodity.

Few people realize the vital necessity of oil. Every large city in these United States would be paralyzed almost immediately if the supply of oil were stopped. Transportation over the entire country would be seriously hindered if not altogether stopped. The old visions of social general strikes pale in insignificance when compared with the effects that could easily materialize from an oil famine.

What would be the power of the oil workers organized into an industrial union, can only be imagined. The 150,000 wage workers engaged in the production of oil outside of the refineries, banded together and having clear conceptions of their position in the scheme of social relations, would be the most powerful aggregation of labor in the world. It would be powerful not because of numbers nor from any particular skill that is embodied in oil production, but from the fact that oil in its particular use in the industrial life of the country is vitally important.

Not Merely Numbers

The strength of labor unions does not always lie in numbers, but in the commodity around which they are organized. Indeed, numbers might be a handicap under certain circumstances. The United Mine Workers, for instance, suffer from a handicap of numbers both while on strike and on the job. The coal miners average about three-fifths yearly employment or less. In other words, there are two-fifths more miners than are necessary to supply



PIONEERING—(A Prospect Hole)

the normal demand for coal. In only a few districts do the coal miners work full time. This means that the preponderance of miners are perpetually on the ragged edge of poverty, and on the calling of a strike they become immediately dependent on strike relief for sustenance. The misery and intense suffering of striking coal miners is proverbial; it is horrible and yet inevitable for various reasons, viz: too many mines, and most important of all, coal has a substitute, or rather, substitutes, which are actually displacing coal. These substitutes are oil and electricity. Thus it is that in every national coal miners' strike it is big odds that they will lose. Perhaps they little realize what they are up against, but the fact of the matter is that treacherous leaders have not everything to do with their misfortunes.

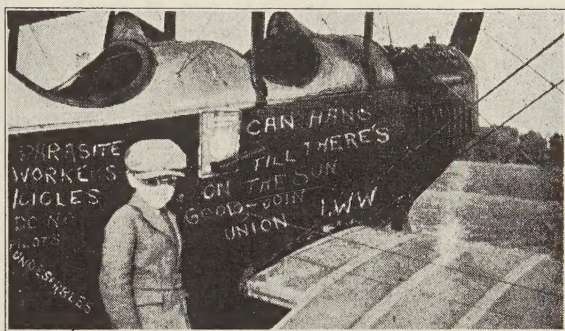
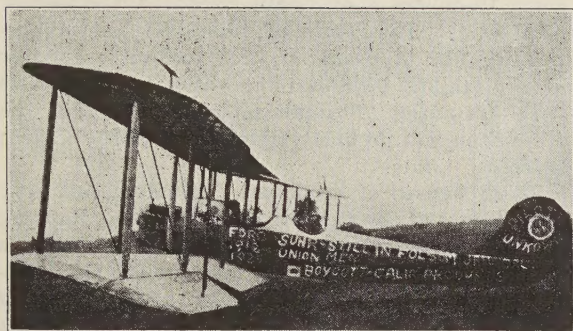
Organizing For Control

The philosophy of Industrial Unionism is more than the mere organization of workers as such. It involves more truly and perhaps to a higher degree the control of those commodities which are vital—the key commodities or raw material. It is the importance of a commodity that adds to the power of a labor organization. Labor organized industrially, plus the importance and necessity of oil, would therefore constitute a labor combination that would be impregnable.

What coal miners are facing is the superior economic utility of oil and the declining importance of coal as a source of power and heat.

Let us see if this is true. In the census of 1920 the statisticians reported that coal mining was the most important mining industry (which included petroleum) in the United States. Four years later in 1923-24 the oil industry had exceeded the coal industry in importance by 20 per cent in total value of products, and surprising to relate only one-half as many wage earners are employed in the production of oil as in the production of coal.

Geologists are now convinced that the discovery of oil deposits has only commenced. No one can tell just



A WOBBLY PILOT APPEALS FOR WRANGLER AND CLINE, FORD AND SUHR

The airplane is the product of the gasoline motor. No other fuel or type of engine could have concentrated the necessary power into the limits of bulk and weight which the airplane provides. Without petroleum, the air fleets of the world would be useless. It is an encouraging sight to see the pilots and mechanics who fly the planes turning to the I.W.W.

how much oil is below the surface. However, judging from frequent discoveries of oil deposits there is no doubt that vast resources of oil are yet to be discovered. An increase in the supply of oil will mean an increase in its use. Oil can now be transported swiftly and efficiently through pipe lines to any part of the country at a small part of the cost that it takes to transport coal. Six thousand miles of pipe lines now intersect the country and oil is flowing through these arteries at the rate of 30,000 gallons in each 24 hours. The distribution of oil is easy and invisible. It requires no more effort than turning on a water faucet. The manual labor of shoveling coal is eliminated. It is clean and there is no waste.

Transport Workers Hit

Super-power engineers are now busy on plans to eliminate the transportation of coal and develop super-power by burning coal at the mines to generate electricity and send heat and power over the wires. Projects of this kind are actually being constructed in various parts of the country.

The coal miners' union is fighting this scheme but it is a useless effort. The development of super-power portends the most gigantic displacement of labor that has yet taken place. Right at this very day in the bituminous fields of Illinois and Kentucky 80 per cent of the miners are idle five days per week. Oil and super-power are responsible for much of this idleness. Thousands of coal miners are leaving the coal areas because of a persistent loss of time. In 10 years from now it is probable that only half as much coal will be transported on railroads as is now the case. This means a decrease in either the working time of the miners now employed, or a decrease in numbers.

Substitutes

Oil is a substitute for coal, but coal is not a substitute for oil. The uses of coal are limited, the utility of oil is unlimited. The products and by-products of oil range from fuel to face powder, including gases, all kinds of light and heavy oils, solvents, medicinal salves, creams and ointments, candy oils, asphalts, carbons, fertilizers, rubber making, com-

positions, soaps, drugs and hosts of others. The uses to which oil is being applied are increasing daily. Even the advantage that oil has over coal in being transported would be great enough to disqualify coal. But oil has a labor-saving quality that measures its real value. It generates steam better than coal and the output of oil is increasing to such an extent throughout the world that it only awaits the time when the manufacturing units of industry can change over from coal to oil use. With the increase of oil consumption in the industries will come a decrease in the general need for coal. Coal will largely disappear as a transportable commodity and be consumed at the mines as fuel for superpower. And this means that the once powerful coal miners' union will find itself supplanted by a more powerful oil workers' union.

Now what is obvious regarding coal is obviously the reverse in oil. Perhaps some time in the future oil will be supplanted by some other discovery. Today, however, oil is supreme, and those who have an eye for power are wisely congregating around oil—all those but labor; and labor, as usual, stumbles in its various directions, blind as the proverbial bat, and as aimless as a herd of cattle, seeking the road, always crossing but never following it.

The Scramble

If each individual oil worker could realize the terrific struggle that is going on among the large capitalist groups of the world for the control of oil production and, in realizing the extent of that struggle, also understand the vital necessity of oil, every oil worker would immediately scramble to become organized. But, alas, but a few of them see beyond that circle of hours that marks starting and quitting time. And precious time passes for the oil workers with each day. Precious time in that the oil kings are not losing one minute in solidifying, consolidating and trustifying their positions. They know oil for what it is—WEALTH and POWER. All that the average oil worker sees in oil is a greenish black and disagreeably greasy fluid in the production of which he makes wages.

It is the general habit, especially among some

workers, to regard the possession of wealth and power as equivalent to super-intelligence. The Rockefellers, for example, symbolize the height of wealth and power in the oil industry, and some even go so far in their idolatry of their wealth as to assert that but for the Rockefellers there would have been no oil industry as we know it today. In other words, the production of oil or any of the other important commodities, is created by a metaphysical process known only to an enlightened few. The capitalist philosophy says in effect—without the Rockefellers and Sinclairs there would be no oil, or without Gary there would be no steel, or with no Guggenheims we would be without copper. Other capitalists of lesser fame build towns all by themselves, or dig mines. Every commodity has a capitalist as its patron saint. The great mass of common folk are but humans for whom these capitalist saints plan and create.

Where the Richest Man Got His

Of course, the intelligent workers can see that oil made the Rockefellers and the rest of the oil kings, and that the extent of their wealth was determined by the social need for oil. Oil, like the deposits of metal and coal, has been in the earth for countless ages. Primitive man perhaps knew of the existence of oil, but could not at his stage of economic development utilize it. Man went through ages of development, from stone to bronze, to copper, to iron, to steel, learned about steam, about electricity. All the sciences, chemistry, metallurgy, mechanics, engineering, etc., had to be mastered before oil could be properly appraised and used. Thus the development of oil is more than merely sinking wells and bringing it to the surface. Its development belongs as much to the past as to today. Oil went through natural processes extending through countless ages. The development of social knowledge was also a requisite. All the myriad toilers and thinkers of the past had their share in the development of oil. Thus oil is a heritage of the past. It belongs, speaking in a proprietary sense, to no one person or persons; it belongs to society because only collective society can utilize it, only collective society could develop it.

Labor Did It

The wealth of the oil kings is possible only because of the economic necessity of oil. The oil kings did not make the oil. Rather it was oil that made the oil kings. It takes labor to bring oil to the surface, and oil being of no use underground, it can properly be said that the labor that brings the oil to the surface is the real source of the wealth that flows into the coffers of the oil kings.

Comparison of the values of petroleum products with the wages received by the workers shows that the workers in the oil industry are exploited to the extent of 90 percent. In other words, for

every 10 dollars of oil wealth produced, the worker receives \$1. The census of 1920 gives the production in 1919 of petroleum, for the whole country as 350,112,253 barrels. The yearly production in 1923 was nearly 700 million barrels. In 1924 the production will probably figure close to 800 million barrels.

These figures of crude oil production tell only a small part of the story of oil production. Refining oil is an intricate and wonderful process. Perhaps more than a million people are involved in the transformation of crude oil into useful by-products and their distribution. The gasoline taken from oil is of itself an enormous undertaking and is a source of incalculable wealth. But another, and perhaps larger, industry is growing on the foundation of oil. The Diesel engine has been improved to such an extent that it is rapidly displacing steam-driven engines. Water works and power stations are finding in the new type of Diesel engines a more efficient means of developing power. This new type of engine will revolutionize the development of power to a vast extent and incidentally displace a large percentage of the labor now necessary.

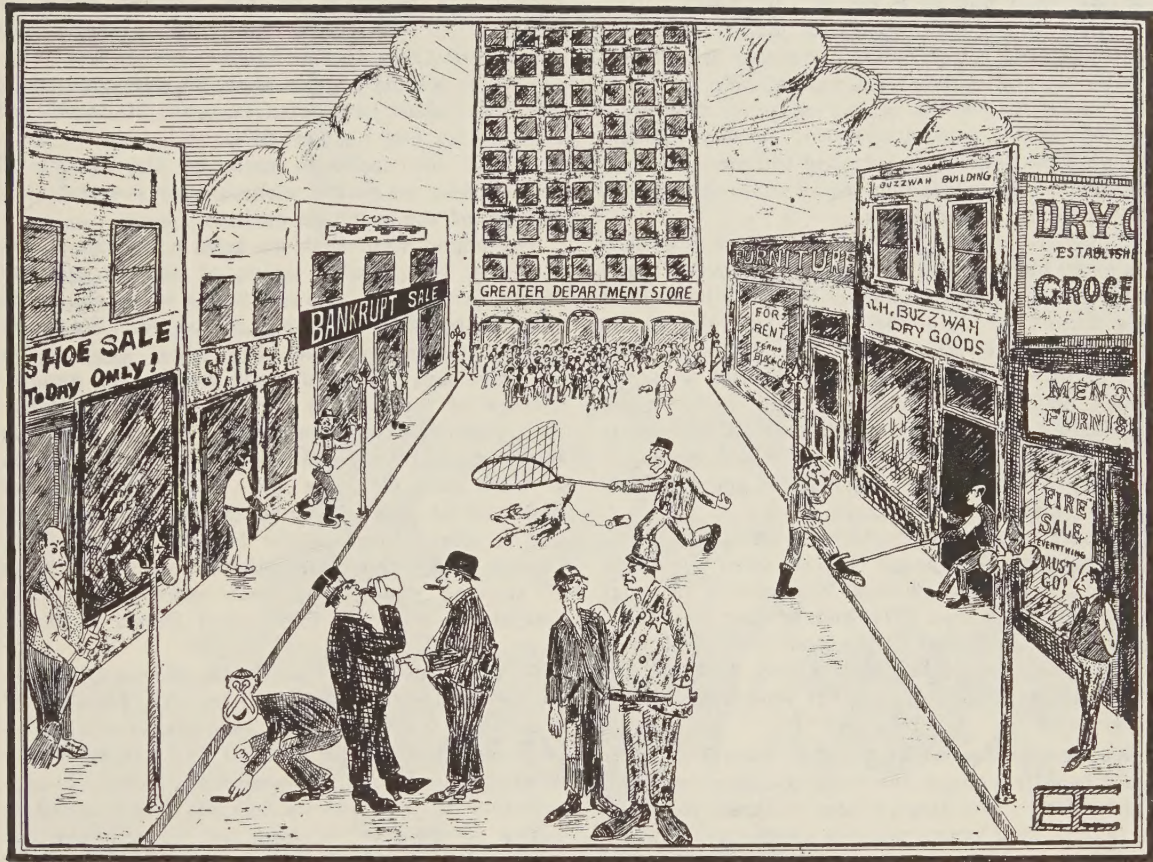
(CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH)



ANATOLE FRANCE, by Steinen

Yes, Anatole France is dead, and the world has lost a great man. Jacques Anatole Thibault (his real name) was born on April 16, 1844. His father was a poor Paris bookseller, a former soldier who had been nicknamed "Pere France," from which the famous author derived his pseudonym.

It was the peculiar province of Anatole France to see through capitalist society, and with the most pointed and whimsical satire, reduce all its hypocrisies to absurdities. It was Anatole France who smashed in one keen sentence the pompous declaration that "all men are equal before the law," by stating it concretely, thus: "All are equal before the law; rich and poor alike are equally forbidden to beg their bread in the public streets, and alike forbidden to sleep under the bridges." And that is a fair sample of the type of his humor, gentle, but critical. In addition to his ability for complicated satire as in "Penguin Island" and "The Revolt of the Angels," Anatole France was able to rise to magnificent heights of passion as in "The Red Lily," and descend to broad and genial even if somewhat philosophical sympathy, as in his autobiographical stories of childhood. A marvelous, many-sided man, and a radical.



The Little Bourgeois Are Doing All They Can.

Business Successes from Small Beginnings

BY W. H. SYKES

Syndicate Article Writer Answered By Merchant Who Has Succeeded—Points Out That Opportunities Are Scarcer Now Than 40 years Ago—Favors Co-operative Industry By One Big Union of Workers Instead of Concentrated Industry For The Benefit of A Few—Would Join Same But Is Ineligible.

THERE is appearing in the capitalist press, "a series of short syndicate articles on business successes from small beginnings," written by one Edward Mott Woolley. These articles are intended to prove that the U. S. A. is still the land of opportunity, despite the large industrial enterprises, with their comparatively few stockholders and armies of paid employees.

Recently, Woolley wrote a letter to W. H. Sykes, proprietor of Sykes' Store Co., Leonardville, Kansas, as one who had made a mercantile success, requesting material for another article in this deceptive series. Sykes' answer is a truthful, straightforward one. In it he points out the present lack of opportunity as compared with opportunities 40 years ago. He also comes out boldly for co-operative industry by the workers organized in one big union.

His letter follows in full:—

Edward Mott Woolley,
Passaic, New Jersey.
Dear Sir:—

On May 10th we received a request from you for information on our business career that would enable you to write a 500 word narrative on business successes from small beginnings. You state

these stories are being used in such newspapers as the Boston Post, Chicago News, and others. The purpose you also state is to show young men that opportunity exists everywhere today in the United States as it always has. We have neglected replying as we hardly knew just how and what to say.

While it is very fine to be played up in public print as a success we do not believe that opportu-

ity does exist now as it did in 1880 when I commenced business. All lines of business are being concentrated into fewer hands under our modern industrial system by labor and capital. We find there is a monopoly of the means of production by a few so that individual operation is very difficult. We find the few have controlled the means of production by high financing, watered stocks, control of politics and other means.

Under the present profit system the middle class has declined a hundred per cent in the United States since I commenced business. While I have been able to go from the lower well up into the middle class and am known as one of the oldest and most successful merchants in northern Kansas, I cannot assist you in producing what would be to me a false article that you might be able to sell to the capitalist press. We wish that you could have this letter printed but doubt very much if you could get a ten cent piece for the same.

As we look back over our business career we do not feel altogether proud that we have been able to crush a number of small competitors in order to build our success. We believe that the small store keeper in common with other individually operated industries is fast giving way to the large corporations such as mail order houses and chain stores.

We have during the 40 years at several different times been in competition with co-operative stores which so far have largely been failures. However, we believe they have a place in society and that ultimately they will succeed and be the greatest good for the greatest number.

Co-operative stores should have trained managers who are competent to manage and handle a business.

Co-operative industry by and for the workers is the message we would like to spread, and elimination of us capitalists and the system by which we receive half and give labor half.

The present overproduction or underconsumption is brought about by that system, as the half we capitalists receive has accumulated until we are forced to close the factories to dispose of our surplus; while the workers who have been using their half from day to day and week to week have no surplus accumulated so that they can afford to remain idle

In fact, it appears that we have entered upon the greatest industrial depression in the history of our country and that the coming winter will be very disastrous for the workers as well as many small capitalists.

We are surrounded by very prosperous farming country. We have also seen the land advanced from ten to one hundred dollars an acre and in a measure our store has developed with the country. We believe our community consists of nearly 90 per cent middle class people, and were this percentage general over the entire country we

should not complain of our present order of society. However, we find the average percentage of those in the middle class in the United States stands at less than 35 per cent while the lower class has increased from 20 to 60 per cent during our business life.

Should you desire to write up the history of our business we should wish to have you state our opinion of the game as outlined above.

We might state that we take no credit in renouncing the present order of society and industry as we have done nothing to bring about the change we believe should be made. We have spoken to some of the high school students in our town and have told them that on the general average of the country and as we saw conditions their chances of success in securing an American standard of living and home were not as good as were ours 40 years ago. Hence you see we could not be true to our honest belief in assisting you to prepare an article for the Boston Post, Chicago Daily News and others for the purpose of showing young men that opportunity exists everywhere today in the United States as it always has.

As a remedy we believe in the slogan of Workers of the World Unite, or in the forming of a One Big Union in which any honest worker by hand or brain, of any race, of any breed, of any color is eligible to membership. Such an organization is in existence but the undersigned is denied admittance so long as we conduct the present business as it has been in the past and is today being carried on.

In case you are able to bring this message as outlined into publicity we shall feel that it would be of a thousand times more value to the public than the one for which you have asked.

Another objection we might state we have to our business is the fact that it develops nothing of human brotherhood. It is a game of doing the other fellow or he will do you. Do you realize the jealousy and hatred that a successful merchant must encounter from his neighbors? Do you realize how far from pleasant living in such a competitive world becomes? We find our press, our schools and all our educational means are being used to perpetuate the present, to me, unsatisfactory and unjust system.

The sort of syndicate articles on business successes from small beginnings you are writing, for which you find a ready sale, are proof of the above. I would much prefer as a legacy to my children and children's children a co-operative business world than the competitive one through which I have passed, even though I have been able to beat the game. If you cannot sell this letter I shall attempt to donate it to the Industrial Pioneer or some other working class paper. Trusting we may have a line in reply at least, I remain.

Yours truly,

W. H. Sykes.

The First Step Towards A Strike In Paterson, N. J. The cycle of life begins for the silkworm. This picture shows moths, laying eggs on pieces of paper, in Japan. The girls are working to keep the eggs from being placed too many in one place, and they roll up and store away the papers that have been covered with eggs.



Silk—a Class Issue

THEY SAY, though no one knows for sure, as it happened a very long time ago, that once an Empress of China, and all the court ladies of the whole Court of Heaven spent long days and longer nights feeding and cleaning silk worms, picking over cocoons, and reeling, winding, throwing and weaving silk. The legend is, in fact, that the Empress Si Ling, wife of the Yellow Emperor (Hoang Ti—the semi-mythical being who invented most of what the Chinese use), herself invented silk culture. Moreover, she is said to have invented the loom for weaving silk.

Now it is doubtful whether the empresses either invented silk culture or actually practiced it much, but plenty of women of lesser rank and probably more worth, have tended silk worms, and handled their silk. In fact, silk culture is still, all over the world, almost entirely a women's trade, and therefore a low paid trade. Probably the invention of the loom and the art of cultivating silk worms was ascribed to Si Ling, a woman, because of this fact, whereas crafts and industries which men practice were supposed to have been invented by Hoang Ti, her husband.

One thing is certain, the very oldest Chinese books speak of women engaged in this particular textile industry, and prescribe minute and

By

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specific directions for the treatment of the silk at all stages of its growth and manufacture. Already, in the earliest recorded time, a great deal of religious theory had clustered about the various processes, showing their great age. The processes described in the Chinese classics have changed very little during the centuries. Silk, especially the production of raw silk, is still an industry in which skill and patience count for very much, and the machinery in use is quite simple.

And another thing is equally certain, that now, as formerly, silk is **the** class fabric. Ever since the empresses ceased to labor at it (if they ever did), the lowest paid and hardest working women toilers have made the silk worm comfortable, and have cared for the silk, and done all the work connected with its manufacture to the point where it is ready to adorn the human frame. And of this silk, not one of the workers has ever received for her personal adornment one yard of it even; it goes, all of it, every bit, to the use and pleasure of the ruling, master class.

The History of Sericulture

Silk having originated in China, the Chinese tried to keep it there. They preserved the methods of feeding and changing the worms as secret as possible, and actually circulated false stories throughout the rest of the world to confuse the barbarians and keep down competition. Aristotle and Pliny, Virgil and Dionysius, issued statements about its origin which show that they knew of the fabric, but had very wrong ideas as to how it was produced. Even in the neighboring countries in the Orient, silk culture spread slowly and with difficulty. It reached Japan through Korea, and there was a temple erected in Setsu province, in Japan, to four Chinese girls who came over to instruct the Japanese court ladies in plain and figured weaving (women again, and noble ladies). The use of native silks started in Japan about 350 A. D., long after its use among the upper classes of China was common.

There is another pretty story about the smuggling of silk worm eggs and mulberry seeds into India, concealed in the hair of a princess, who had married an Indian prince. How they kept the eggs fresh while the mulberry tree was growing, is not explained by the old romancers, but it is probably true that silk culture did come overland to India from China about 300 A. D., maybe three thousand years after it was common in China. From India it spread through Persia. References in Sanskrit texts to silk much earlier than this date do not seem to prove the existence of an Indian silk culture, though they indicate that silk was not used in India before it was produced there.

For the Wealthy Only

The Roman emperors tried at first to stop the use of silk. Their stoic philosophy, and later their Christianity, taught them that too soft a garment was effeminate, and they were, some of them, determined that their slaves should never grow soft and lazy.

However, the richer people were all that were able to buy silk, which was usually sold at, literally, its weight in gold. So finally the Emperor Justinian (and this story seems to have some basis in fact) seeing that there was good money to be made in the trade, and finding that the merchants were closing down their establishments rather than pay the heavy taxes he had placed upon them, as well as the maximum price at which he ordered them to sell their product (\$23 per pound), took over the silk trade. Having embarked on the nefarious business, he was determined to get what profit he could, and sent two Persian monks to China to steal eggs. The monks had already told him that they knew how to raise the worms and reel the silk.

The monks got away with the silk worm eggs by concealing them in hollow canes, which the Chinese guards forbore to break, because of the apparently holy demeanor and reverend aspect of the monks. This was not to be the last time that the Chinese have suffered from their own too gentle treatment of missionaries who come among them.

Anyway, about 550 the Byzantians were raising silk worms and reeling and weaving silk, and from Constantinople the industry spread into all southern Europe. In 1146 the king of Sicily, Roger by name, fought with the Greeks and being partially victorious carried off as prisoners certain silk raisers and weavers to his own land, where he colonized them and worked them. The Venetians, by the same means, captured Greeks skilled in the art, and set up a silk manufacturing business in their town, about 1203. By 1300 there were several thousand persons engaged in sericulture in Florence, and then it spread gradually through France. It was never successful in England or Germany on account of climatic difficulties. But there is still a great deal of silk worm growing in northern Italy and France. Italian silk is of a very fine quality.

The Process Itself

Silk reeling machinery is of European invention, and is a comparatively simple adaptation and application of power to the original hand turned reel, invented by the Chinese.



Ancient China—Gathering Mulberry Leaves



FEEDING THE SILK WORMS—JAPAN

Before the silk can be reeled, the worm must be cared for. The silk eggs, called **graine** in Europe, are very small, and are laid on papers by the silk worm moths. One ounce of eggs will hatch into worms that will make about fifteen pounds of silk. Before they make any silk, they eat 1362 pounds of mulberry leaf. The leaf of the white mulberry is the best. The papers with the eggs on them are hatched in an incubator, or by being covered with manure, or by being kept warm with cloths which are wrapped around the human body. The worms are forced to crawl through small holes in papers to scratch off the egg shells. Then they are fed. They eat tremendously. Frequently they have to be transferred to fresh trays, where they are placed farther apart. All of this is hand work, and very delicate work, as the worms are tender. The leaves have to be dried, as moisture is fatal to the worms, and chopped. Four times the silk worm loses its appetite, changes its skin and then starts eating again. About the end of its first month of life, it stops eating, raises its head, and signifies a wish to climb. The silk worm tender then has to place a little trellis for it to ascend. At this time it is about three or three and a half inches long. It attaches itself to a straw on the trellis, and for three days engages in spinning silk. The silk is a gummy substance, secreted in large glands, and exuded through two holes in the head. The worm weaves its cocoon around itself by revolving its head continuously until it is covered with silk.

A few days after the cocoon is formed, the silk grower picks out those intended to serve for brood purposes, and kills the worms in the rest by heating them.

Present Silk Culture of China

A great deal of China's silk is woven and used at home, usually on primitive cottage machinery, hand looms, etc., but this ancient home of the silk industry still provides most of the world outside of the United States with its supply of raw silk. China has been exporting for manufacture in other countries only since 1850. Before that time, silk cloth was exported. Twenty-seven per cent of the world's supply of raw silk is from China. Raw silk is the most important export from China, more important than the next four highest exports put together.

Steam filatures (mills for reeling silk from the cocoons) are centered around Canton, especially at Shun Tak, about thirty miles from Canton, where there are 180 filatures, each employing from 300 to 500 girls; and around Shanghai, particularly in the towns on the shores of Lake Tai Ho, where the big battles are being fought now; and away in the interior at Hankow; and at Hangchow, Soochow, Chefoo, Sanshui, and Chinkiang (you can look them up on the map if you are interested).

All this, again, is hand work.

The cocoons are then usually sold to a filature, or winding factory. Here there are long rows of reels, made usually of wood, turning by some sort of power, and set in rows of, usually, 36 reels. Opposite each reel is a steam heated basin of water in which the cocoons are immersed. Girls pick the outside shreds of silk away with brushes, or they are removed by mechanical brushes, and then they pick up from each cocoon the infinitesimally small thread of silk by its outer end, and stick it on the threads of other cocoons. The combined thread runs through fine holes in glass beads or the glass rims of the

water basins, and onto the reel. The work is very trying on the eyes and the patience, and it requires skill. The silk strand made up from two to twenty of the fine threads from as many cocoons is the raw silk of commerce.

The very best silk in the world, the finest, whitest, and softest, comes from the Kiang Su province, in the very center of the region where the civil war now rages.

Japan Supplies America

Japan has a monopoly of the American market. The mills of Paterson, now closed by a strike, throw the silk capitalists of Japan into a cold fit when they cut off their orders, for not only do the Japanese monopolize the American market for raw silk, but America is their only customer. Some day they will want to make American capitalists buy silk in greater quantities, and will want to own the American mills, which are their market. Similarly, some day, the American capitalists who own the mills are going to insist on having control of the Japanese filatures, so as to insure themselves the kind of silk they want, when they want it, and with the profit going to themselves. Not a little of the present hatred between America and Japan arises over this economic clash. American and Japanese workers will yet die on the battlefield to decide which group of capitalists shall take over the whole industry.

The Yokohama silk exchange is another sore point at issue between the two national groups of capitalists. This is the only silk exchange in the world, and is conducted exactly as the New York Stock Exchange is run, or the Chicago wheat pit, except that the aristocratic traditions of politeness affect even the newly rich of Japan and the American buyers, and reduce somewhat the outward exhibitions of greed that would otherwise be shown. There is the same "legitimate" transacting, the Japanese silk filature capitalist selling, at the highest price he can get, his raw silk to the American weaving mills at the lowest price they can get. But though capitalism is young in Japan, it is acquiring all the vices of even the senile American bourgeoisie, and the most reckless gambling goes on in the Yokohama exchange, coupled with attempts to corner the market, with a resulting disarrangement of silk prices, and interference with the profits of American capitalists—which does not add to the comity of nations.

You must not think for a moment that the silk industry in Japan is a small one. About one-third of the industrial workers in that country are the women and girls who reel silk, and there are millions caring for the worms in little peasants' cottages. More than one-third of the entire agricultural population, some 2,000,000 households, do nothing but raise mulberry trees, and pick leaves for the silk worm to eat. Over 1,000,000 acres (and Japan is a small country) are devoted to mulberry raising. The exportation of silk from Japan in 1922 was 792,488,446 yen, much the largest export of the country, more than twice as much as cotton, the

next largest export. Oh, yes, the silk industry of Japan is a rich prize—and therefore a cause for war.

Of course, industrial workers need only to stop for a moment and think, that the workers in the filatures are women and girls, to see that they are probably pretty badly exploited. Woman and child labor is always cheap labor.

Women Slaves in New Nippon

Worse than anything else is the recruiting and contract system utilized by the masters of industry in Japan. The country is just out of the feudal system, and the working classes, entering upon factory life somewhat under the recent feudal teachings of loyalty to master, worship of the government (in fact, the Emperor is a god) and disabilities of women and children, who, under the family system had no rights at all, are not equipped to fight capitalism even as much as Europeans and Americans are. The young girls of peasants are practically sold to the padrones by their fathers, and are carried off in gangs, and again practically sold to the factories. Like the slaves of old, they live in barracks around the working places, and they are not allowed, in many cases, to quit their jobs until the contracts have expired.

There are government regulations designed to preserve the health of the working classes, and in general, these regulations are obeyed. Two classes sometimes struggle, and sometimes co-operate for governmental power in Japan, the ancient military caste, supposed to be abolished, but in reality transferred into a class of office holders, particularly holders of army and navy and police offices, and the newly rich, powerful but despised, capitalists. Their interests clash in the matter of ruthless exploitation of the girls. The capitalists would like to work them to death, as the rising English capitalist class worked poor children to death in their cotton mills, and as the American capitalist class still works children into decrepitude and idiocy. But the bureaucratic land-owning, militaristic clique has other uses for them. They want them to be brood mothers of a sturdy assortment of cannon fodder, to be expended on the battlefields that will have to be fought over before the dream of Japanese Asiatic hegemony and territorial expansion can be materialized.

Some Americans Worse Off

As a result of this clash of interests, the new government factory regulations forbid the working of children under the age of fourteen, prohibit longer hours than eleven for women and for children under the age of sixteen, provide for two rest days per month for women and children under the age of sixteen and four rest days a month for women and children doing night work. Children and women must also have an hour's rest in the middle of any shift longer than ten hours, and women and children under the age of sixteen must not be made to work between the hours of 10 p. m. and 5 a. m.

The standards of living are not so bad as commonly supposed. The wage is about half that received



When The Worms Are Ready To Spin Silk They Are Placed
On Straw Trellises

in American low grade factory work, but on the other hand cost of living is about half also. Food is much cheaper, rents are much cheaper, and the expenditure for clothing is relatively higher. This fact is admitted in foreign countries; both explicitly and tacitly. The Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science Series (V. 36) states explicitly:

"The common belief that the standard of living in Japan is very much lower than in the United States is not scientifically proved. Probably it is a misconception."

And of course, the mere fact that silk after being reeled is sent to America for weaving is pretty nearly complete proof that weaving is cheaper in America than in Japan, and that the exploitation of American silk weavers in New Jersey, and eastern Pennsylvania, is greater than the exploitation of labor in Japan, wherever machinery can be used, as in weaving. Semi-hand labor, requiring particular skill, such as reeling, is still cheaper in Japan. There is undoubtedly a drift towards harder times in Japan—even as in America and Europe.

The Factory System in China

The workers' problems, and the situation in which they find themselves are somewhat different in China from what they are anywhere else in the world. In the first place, China never went through the feudal period in modern times. China's feudal period, unlike Japan's, was a long time ago. It broke down, and under the drive of craft guilds, Imperial armies, local village economy, and the class of literati, there was a reversion to primitive communism ideally and socially, and firm establishment of the handicrafts system in industry. The Chinese family, which has most of the aspects of one of Morgan's male gens, and certainly developed out of the female gens, is still quite strong in China. Families, in the larger

sense of those having a common family name, maintain their organization, their ancestral temples, and are like little governments. Not so small, either, because there are only one hundred family names, and something between 350,000,000 and 400,000,000 Chinese to be divided among them.

The localities, which are somewhat synonymous with the families, have their own life, and tend to their own affairs in quite a communal way. There is care for the sick by the family, and a kind of family public spirit.

The whole community runs on very little money, prices are very low except where the factory system has broken in; hours were not so bad, nor the standards of living so very low, until the factory system and other deranging influences were brought into China. Of course, there was no progress, all social and industrial life had reached a sort of balance of forces, nothing new happened.

Now into this communal, guild, handicraft life comes suddenly the machine, steam power for turning silk reels, coal and iron mining machinery, railroads, etc., a system designed to run, and forced by foreign commerce to run, on a much larger supply of money, a closely integrated society, with a capitalist employing class in addition to the original merchant and handicraft classes, and with masses of homeless, wandering laborers, cut loose from family ties.

Since the work of women and children under the family system had been largely domestic, the modern silk filature and cotton mill raises havoc with everything in the old system. The meek women, one time slaves of husbands but mistresses of homes, go to the mills and get wages on which they nearly starve to death, but also get a good deal of freedom along with the wages, and become quite flapperish, sit in restaurants smoking cigarettes, and in the opinion of the older Chinese, generally disgrace their families.

Conditions in the mills are very bad. There is no bureaucratic class with interests at variance with those of the new capitalist class. The workers are left alone, without even the dangerous support of militarists. There are certain labor laws, adopted by the central government, which prescribe no work for boys under ten or girls under twelve, only eight hours work for boys under seventeen and girls under eighteen, no work for children after 8 p. m., or before 4 a. m., wages at least once a month, etc. But these don't mean much, for they cannot be and are not enforced. In China the capitalists run the government, except for the district around Canton, where the labor unions have much influence with the government of Sun Yat Sen and the capitalists are organizing a fascisti militia to oppose it.

In the silk filatures of Shanghai, the normal workday is fourteen and a half hours. The workers frequently never leave the mills, but sleep on the floor on bedding spread down after their shift is over, and rolled up and stacked in the corners when morning comes. There are 56 filatures in Shanghai

district with 60,000 women workers in them. Last year the daily wage ranged from forty to fifteen cents, Mexican, a day (depending on what sort of work), and it must be remembered that prices are going up in the coast regions of China. It is possible by staying at work the whole month to get a bonus of \$1.50, but absence of even one hour would prevent the worker from receiving the bonus.

If the Chinese lack the paternal care of military rulers, however, they have had training in organization. They are great people for forming companies, clubs, guilds, associations, etc., and this is probably the result of their handicraft society. The same sort of tendencies were present in Europe during the handicraft period there.

So the women workers organized an industrial union of silk workers, and put in demands, in 1922, for the ten-hour day, five cents per day increase in wages, and an unconditional bonus. On August 6, with banners and placards, 20,000 women silk workers paraded through the streets of Shanghai and established picket lines. The foreign residents of Shanghai, including all the American and European capitalists, rushed to the defense of the Chinese capitalists. All Chinese strikers who strayed into the foreign settlement were promptly arrested and sentenced by mixed courts to long prison terms for "inciting workers to strike." The bosses, who

are strongly organized into the "Silk and Cocoon Guild" (of master craftsmen), won the strike. But organization persisted among the workers, is growing now, and will undoubtedly lead to another attempt to raise wages and lower hours very soon.

The present war now going on in China is a struggle between capitalist foreign countries, using mercenary troops, and still more mercenary Chinese generals to give them control of China's markets and China's raw materials, not the least of which is silk. General Wu Pei Fu, with his tributaries, various tu chuns (civil and military governors of provinces), most important of which is the tu chun of Kiang Su province, is trying to establish a dictatorship over all China. If he succeeds, by destroying the dictatorship of General Chang Tso Lin of Manchuria and the labor government of Kwang Tung province (capital at Canton), America will come in for the exploitation of China, and will take over the silk supplies along with other loot.

The striking silk workers of China and the striking silk workers of Paterson, N. J., are fighting the same master—international capitalism. The same methods will win in both cases. And the Japanese women workers will waken too. The human worms will turn, and the empresses of the world will have to go to work in earnest.



Battlefields of Paterson

Paterson, New Jersey, is where the silk mills are. A strike of the silk weavers has been in progress there for more than two months. It is a long drawn out battle, with the silk weavers standing firm, and scabs hard to get, because of the peculiar skill required in silk mills. The mills of Paterson weave what is known as "broad silk" on modified Jacquard looms, and their work is quite different from the weaving of wool or cotton goods, or even the weaving of silk ribbons.

The strike was brought about by the determination of the silk companies to cut down on their working force and save expenses by greater exploitation of the workers. They planned to make one weaver tend three or four looms instead of two looms, which is hard enough work in itself. The workers are demanding a reduction of hours from twelve or fourteen, as is usual in the busy season, down to eight hours. They are demanding bigger pay, too. All this silk work is somewhat seasonal, and unemployment is prevalent during a large part of the year. Weavers average weekly, during the year, about \$20.

Not the First

This strike is nothing new. Paterson is a battleground of the class war. It is a strictly industrial town, built near waterfalls which furnish electric power to the mills, and is a considerable railroad center, as the New York, Susquehanna & Western, the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, and the Erie railroads all converge here. It has large machine shops, locomotive shops, and iron goods factories. But these activities are overshadowed by its textile factories; they make linens, carpets, velvets, woolen and cotton goods. But these fabrics are of small importance compared with the extremely important silk manufacturing of the town. It is absolutely the biggest producer of silk fabrics and sewing silks in the United States, and the United States is a great producer of such things.

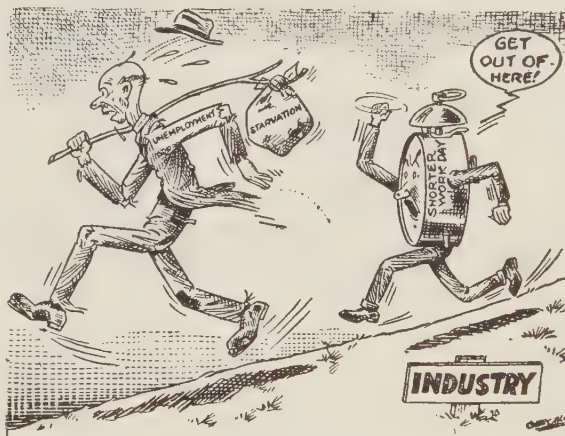
One side issue, the silk dye works alone, employs 5,000 "hands." About ten thousand weavers and loom tenders of one sort or another are employed in the busy season in the silk mills of Paterson. The famous Cheney Silk Co. mills are here, but there are also plenty of smaller ones.

This strike is largely led by workers who got their training in the I. W. W. strike of 1913, an epoch making event, and one of the first really industrial strikes in the textile world.

"Opium of the People"

It was a battle in which about twenty thousand men and women faced the organized capitalist class, its flunkies on the "Call" and the "Press," and its preachers. This is no mere rhetoric. The preachers of every denomination in Paterson, simultaneously, preached sermons against the strike, urged the workers to scab, pleaded with the wives and daughters of the strikers, (women are sometimes more religious than men) to get their husbands back on the job, and simultaneously declared that not low wages, but drink, was the curse of the workingman.

The 1913 strike started in mid winter, in January. It spread from Paterson through all the towns



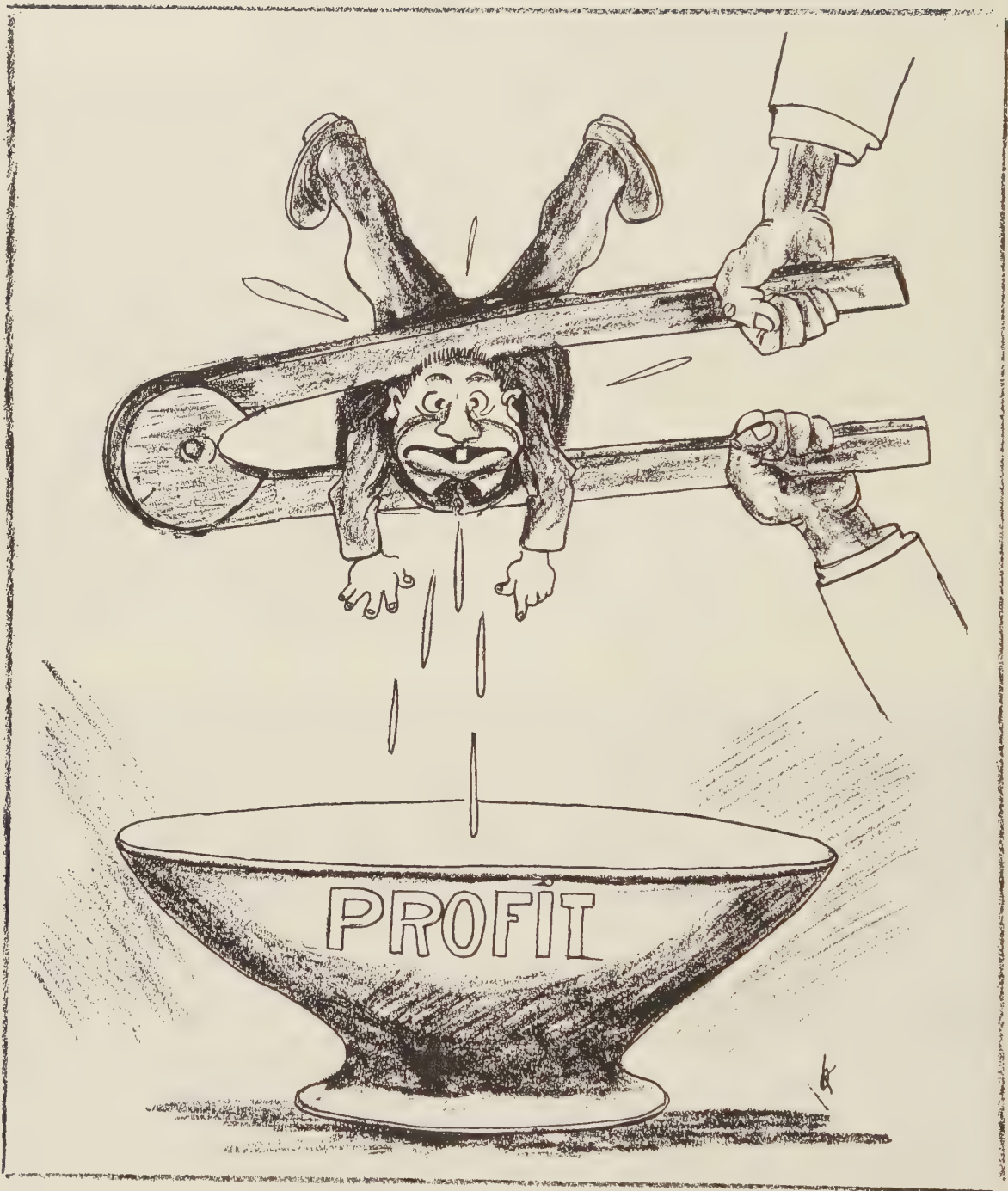
around, and was conducted with mass picketing, large mass meetings, until these were broken up by the police. There were hundreds of arrests, and indeed, most of the time the jail was kept crowded with strikers who "battleshiped" enthusiastically.

"Singing Jail Birds"

Incredible as it may seem, it is said that some of the strikers were able to continue singing I. W. W. songs without ceasing, in Paterson jail, for two days and nights. The I. W. W. stepped in after a spontaneous strike had been started, and with its message of solidarity and its organizing ability, kept up the spirit and the activity of the pickets until a partial victory was wrung from the most unwilling bosses.

Paterson has been, and is, and must continue to be a battlefield of the class war, as long as capitalism endures. With the factory system so well developed, and with the class lines so sharply drawn, it is impossible for class feeling not to develop. Class solidarity, in spite of many defeats, and difficulties, continues to exist in Paterson. The day will come, clearly foreshadowed even in 1913, and never quite lost sight of since, when all the textile workers of Paterson, not just the weavers, and all the textile workers of America, and of the world too, for that matter, will be united in one big union, and on that day, the long series of battles in Paterson, and many other textile towns, will be won—by the workers.





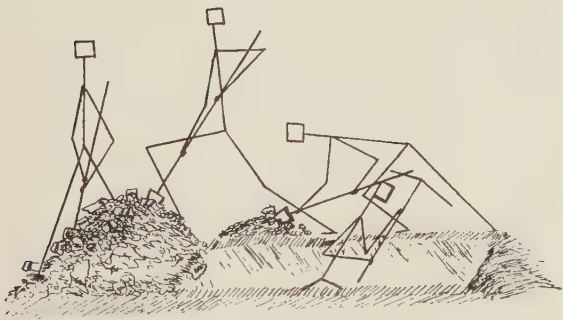
Social Forces

This is how the unorganized workingman gets pinched. In his lonely dignity and helplessness, he is caught between the powerful lever of low wages below him, and crushed up against the equally strong lever of high prices for commodities he needs to live upon. As a result, he is caught, and is absolutely unable to help himself, as long as he remains a poor lonely individual, in the grip of social forces a thousand times stronger than himself. The only thing for him to do is to take advantage of the power of labor organization, a social force which he can use for himself.

The Social Forces

By
JOHN CANNAVAN

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"We say involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, has been abolished, yet men are compelled to work by the threat of economic distress, in most cases quite as effectively as by means of the slave-driver's whip."

—Ely's Outlines of Economics.

CHAPTER II. CLASS INTERESTS

THE class division in capitalist society is an economic fact with such obvious consequences that it were sheer folly to deny or to disregard it. To wilfully deny, or to recklessly ignore it will not affect it; will not alter it or cause it to disappear. It will still remain the great outstanding fact, disturbing and menacing capitalist society.

That some of the workers are unable to see, or unwilling to admit the reality of the class struggle, no more dispels it than does the ostrich cause the hunter to disappear by burying its head in the sand. The conception that the employing class and the working class have common interests is denied by the every-day experiences of the workers. Even when the workers accept the doctrine that there is identity of interest between the capitalists and the wage laborers, there is a feeling of doubt about its truthfulness even while acknowledgement is being made. The "freedom" of the wage-workers does not admit of free expression



by them. To voice opinions that run counter to the employer's interest is deemed a valid reason for dismissal or refusal to employ. So we find the "free laborer" woefully lacking in independence. He subscribes to doctrines in which he does not believe, either by concurrence or pretense, in accepting them without protest.

Hypocrisy

No one, who works in industry as a wage laborer, really believes that such an identity of interest has any place in fact; nor do the capitalists believe it. It is to the interest of the capitalists that the workers believe it, so it is only a consistent and courteous deference that they themselves pretend a profound belief in this theory. But from the earliest days of the capitalist regime the capitalists have taken precautions to prepare against the day when the fallacy of this conception will be exposed and their dominance ended.

Madison, as long ago as 1787, warned against the danger from the propertyless, thereby admitting a conflict of interests, when he said: "In future times a great majority of the people will not only be with-

out land but without any other sort of property. These will combine under the influence of their common situation; in which case, the rights of property and the public liberty will not be secure in their hands, or, which is more probable, they will become the tools of opulence and ambition; in which case there will be equal danger on another side."

Fear of recognition by the workers that a class struggle rages in human society has ever been present with the capitalist class. Its members and apologists have made the most of the freedom which the workers are alleged to enjoy, but, like Madison, they have no misconception in this regard. The workers have been flattered into a feeling of freedom that is without substance or reality. The "freedom" of the workers in capitalist society disguises a more abject slavery than has ever enthralled the serving class in any former society. It is the enslavement of one class by another class—the working class by the employing class. The chattel slave had his individual master, who felt toward him, as property, a sense of responsibility. If his slavery was undisguised, his qualification as property secured for him consideration that is denied his descendant, the wage slave, in capitalist society.

Slave of None, or of Many?

The serf had his baron or seigneur. He was permanently attached to the soil, and if the slave character of his position was unmistakable and the process of his exploitation clear, nevertheless, his master felt some responsibility for him and had, at least, an interest in his physical well-being. The serf also had a definite and assured location and status.

But it is otherwise with the "free" wage worker. He is a slave to no one in particular. No one has any responsibility for him. His location is not fixed and his status is not assured. The "freedom" of the "free laborer" is a necessary and prerequisite condition for his successful enslavement. His labor power is his own and he is "free" to dispose of it unhindered by any outside restraining force. It is the one and only thing he has to sell. This is the limit of his freedom—he is free to sell his labor power. But he must sell it; it is the only way by which he can live. The existence of capitalism is predicated upon the existence of a class which is free to sell its labor power; moreover, it must be a class which is likewise free of every means by which it would be enabled to employ its labor power for its own purposes and in its own way. The wage workers—the proletariat—are the necessary element. The wage working element is "free" of all power to obtain a livelihood, except by selling its labor power to the capitalist class.

But, as the workers are at liberty to leave an employer, when so minded, and thus to indulge a sense of personal freedom, they are slow to perceive that the individual, as a member of a class occupying a slave position, is himself a slave. For, while the worker may quit an unsatisfactory employment, he is condemned, in capitalist society, under the pain

of want and suffering, to seek another employer. That is, unlike the chattel slave, he is not the slave of any particular capitalist but is enslaved by the capitalist class. For, in selling his labor power by the hour, he is, in fact, selling himself on the installment plan. His "right" to life is as empty as a beggar's purse, without the right to the means of life—the opportunity to use his productive power to sustain himself. These are owned by the capitalist class.

Freedom for All or None

That the wage worker is a slave by virtue of being a member of a slave class means that he cannot attain his own freedom until the class to which he belongs is, as a class, emancipated. Only when the slave character of the working class is removed will there be freedom for its members.

The effort of the capitalist class is directed to perpetuating the present arrangement, of which its members are the beneficiaries. The working class, in an instinctive manner, is seeking to resist the encroachments of the capitalist class, which it finds irksome and oppressive. It is, however, unused to thinking and acting as a class. The class conscious among the workers are striving to make their fellows acquainted with their true position in society, and to inspire them with the spirit to break the bonds of their slavery and win economic freedom for themselves. This is the class struggle—the battle between **the masters to maintain and the workers to change the present arrangement**. This is what justifies the statement that "the employing class and the working class have nothing in common."

The everyday life in industry is shot through with proof that the employers and the workers have nothing in common. At every point of contact, evil-herce is forthcoming to prove that, so far from having a common interest, antagonism consistently inheres in their relationship. The employers favor long hours—the workers desire shorter hours. A demand for shorter hours by the workers invites a fight from the boss. An avowed intention by the employer to increase the length of the working day precipitates a clash with the working force. A demand for a wage raise by the workers, or the announcement of a wage cut by the employers, is the occasion of an industrial disturbance. An improvement in sanitation, or something else, when demanded by the workers, is denied by the boss, and is settled only after a scrap, as a general thing. The employer wants more work, and the worker wants less exhaustive effort in the working place. Improved means of production benefit the employer and throw many workers into idleness. Those at work produce more and receive less, really and relatively. **There is no point at which employer and wage worker meet that they do not act as opponents.** So far from everything in common, **they have nothing in common.** "The employing class and the working class have nothing in common," is truth, self-evident, undeniable truth.

The exploitation of the working class by the em-

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

playing class is the particularly important feature of capitalist society for us to observe. That some of the workers are induced, or misled, by the capitalist class, by being given a share of the booty—to which they themselves also contribute—to stand in opposition to the big majority of the working class, does not gainsay the truth of this contention. Nor does the dualistic character, in which some elements among the workers figure, deny the class struggle. When, for instance, the farmers protest against the dominant forms of capitalist ownership, they make their claim to consideration as productive factors, but when hiring a farm hand they act as does a capitalist. They feel toward a capitalist as does a worker, and toward the workers as does a capitalist.

The Proletariat First

With the development of capitalist property to higher and more powerful forms, the class line in society becomes increasingly distinct and unmistakable. The propertyless wage workers, being the greatest sufferers from advancing capitalism, have necessarily been the first to engage in conflict with the capitalist forces. And if, in the confusion of a disunited and unorganized force, they have inflicted damage upon some other working class element, it is because the injured element has mistakenly engaged the proletarian hostility by aligning itself with the capitalist forces.

As "liberal opinion" grows, in response to working class efforts, the fighting forces of capitalism thin out and their morale grows weaker. The clearer the lines upon which the workers fight, as a proletarian element, the surer they are to advance, and to consolidate their gains.

Recognition of the line drawn between economic mastery and economic independence is dimmed by influences which the capitalist class controls. The idea that every man is master of his own destiny, and that his position in industry and society is a reflex of his own will and talents, is still held in total disregard of the facts that contradict it and this offers something of a real stumbling block to recognition of the class struggle by the workers. That idea is dying hard, but it is dying. It has received too many hard knocks to survive much longer.

The environment of the supervising staff, in its social, intellectual and cultural aspects, makes for a readiness on its part to identify itself with the capitalist class. Its life conditions are favorable, so favorable, that it is doubtful whether any change now desired, or contemplated by the militants among the wage workers, would immediately improve it. Indeed, this element is inclined to fear, when it contemplates movements of the rank and file in industry, that instead of being improved, its lot might become less comfortable. So long as the movements of the rank and file do not assume proportions that offer a prospect of success, this section of the workers will cleave to the capitalist fleshpots and fight the balance of the workers. While the class war is being waged guerilla fashion, as by the A. F. L. and other unions in the craft system, the repressive force-

es of capitalism will be led by this element. The working class interest, at present represented by the militant proletariat, and only by them, must expect to encounter opposition from this and every other element outside of its own immediate economic sphere—the manual workers in the industries.

The Enemy Within

The proletariat must, as well, contend against influences operating within its own ranks and directed and controlled by these worker-managers, etc., and the division-breeding "labor" organizations that weaken labor. As it succeeds in this, it develops unity until, finally, it will be able to engage and defeat the combined forces of capitalism, which are only formidable by the strength drawn from the working class. The defection and treason of these capitalist controlled workers, however, do not offer an insuperable barrier. They are even unconscious, and for the most part, unwilling abettors of proletarian revolution, by having so arranged industry, for the capitalists, that it is most conveniently disposed for the workers to take over and operate in the interest of society. All that is necessary is to remove the character of capital from the machinery of production, by removing the capitalists as owners. This elimination of capitalist control depends only upon the organized consciousness of the working class. All the other factors necessary are already present. When such organization is effected, the regime of capitalist domination ends without the necessity of a moment's delay in industrial operation, or the slightest inconvenience to society.

Until that day is reached there will be nothing in common between employer and wage worker but war.

The morrow of that day will dawn upon an industry in which the relationship of strife will have ceased to exist; when those who operate industry will own industry, and production will not be hampered or embarrassed by antagonisms due to anti-social factors invested with power to disturb it.

FOOT NOTE: The illusion engendered by a qualified and restricted personal freedom in the capitalist enslavement of the working class serves to veil the most disastrous of all the consequences resulting from it—unemployment, those periods during which many, and ever increasing numbers, of the workers find it impossible to secure jobs and are, therefore, cut off from the means of life. While the worker is free to quit his employment whenever he is not satisfied with the pay, hours and conditions, he is not free to remain working whenever the state of employment becomes unsatisfactory to him. His exercise of the right to quit prepares him for a denial of his right to work, without which he has no right to life.

"There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among the millions of the working people and the few who make up the employing class have all the good things of life."—I. W. W. Preamble.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Page of Proletarian Verse

By LAURA TANE

ECONOMICS

She does not wait
At night
For some lover
To count the stars
With her or watch
The jagged teeth
Of the sea
Catch a golden
Beach-garment.
She never saw
A pink orchard
With blossoms melting
Into fruit
Or felt a nightwind
Tossing her
Into the arms
Of a hungry forest.

No
In the motley drippings

Of a hot grease-world
She waits and waits
Upon the hungry crowd
And serves them
Ham and eggs and chops
And when they go
Her smile is measured
By tiny stars
And silver moons
Lying beneath
The sky-white plate.

I saw a shower
Of blossoms fall
From her orchard
Of smiles
When a corpulent beast
Finished his dinner
And left a patch of green
Beneath the sky-white plate.



BOSS

He is a decaying pumpkin in a rosy field.
Of redwood is the elegant office
And round and yellow his senile head.
Prim and straight I sit taking dictation.
My hair lies in dark peaceful folds,
My fingernails cut in pink foreignness to
grime.

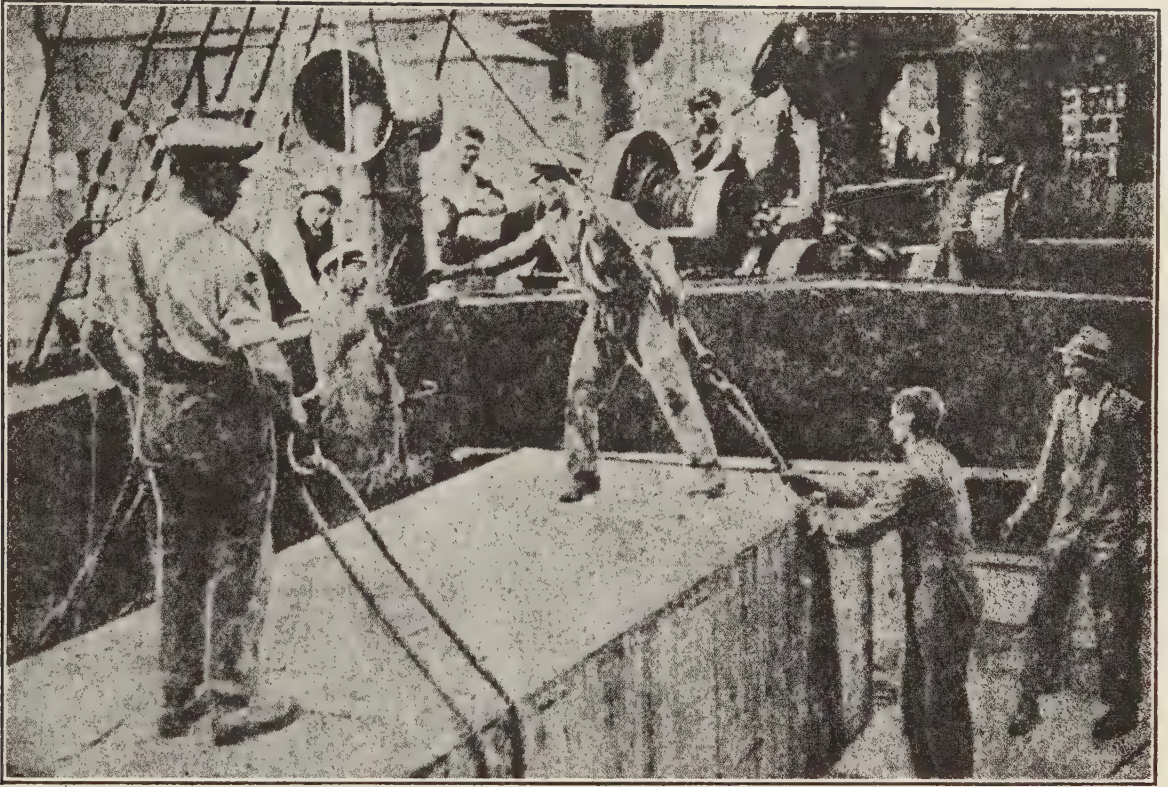
"Yes, sir." "No, sir." inhabit my speech.
But yet I am one of the masses
A black vicious beetle
Which will someday inject
The black cancer of class war
Into the rosy field of the office
To suck and destroy the essence of decrepit
pumpkins.

SOLDIERS

Here they come!
Faces born out of the gutter
Muscles stained with the veins of proleta-
rian kin
Aye, well-clad are they
In cloth made by breastless women
Seared by fires burning out of the eyes of
hunger.

Why do the soldiers' hands hide
Beneath the gun-hilt, the shadow-creases
of the march?
Are they afraid that in the sun
They may suddenly gleam with blood?
Here, soldier,
We offer you salvation!
The pure white towel of the revolution
To wipe your hands.





Solidarity in the Argentine

By MARINO

THIS is the story of the organization of the marine transport industry in the Argentine Republic, and it is to be hoped that American labor can profit from their experiences and be inspired by the splendid fighting ability and the audacious militancy of the men in these Argentine unions. But the lesson of solidarity is even greater than these other two, and in solidarity, and realization of its absolute necessity, and its greater importance than mere organization or paper differences, the Argentine marine transport unions lead the way.

Up until 1915 there was little unionism, though the *Federacion Obrera Maritima* (Federation of Marine Workers) had been formed in 1910.

The last part of the year 1914 was almost the worst the union ever had; jobs were extremely scarce, as the ships were tied up to avoid capture at sea, and the union strength dwindled to not more than a few hundred seamen and a few others. Crews took turns working, and there were hard times in general.

However, about 1916 business began to pick up. The allies bought whatever ships they could, and there was a huge demand for crews. The union saw its opportunity, and recruited extensively.

Nor was this all. This sale of ships, even river boats, to the allied powers brought about a union of the captains, mates, and engineers with ratings under the Argentine law. These men did not join the *Federacion Obrera Maritima* (called usually the "F. O. M.") but they realized that a union they must have, as the allies were taking their jobs, by buying the ships out from under them and putting

their own officers on board. Therefore they organized the *Federacion de Oficiales de la Marina Mercante* (Federation of Officers of the Merchant Marine) to include all deep water captains, mates, river captains, naval engineers in general, pilots, wireless operators, and pursers. The F. O. M., it might be noted, is a real industrial union, but includes the workers only, none of the higher bosses; it takes in deck crews, firemen, steward's department employees, barge and tow captains and engineers, all arranged in four sections.

Then They Grew

Between these two unions, and illustrating the commonsense attitude of the marine transport workers of Argentina, a pact, or treaty, was made. Everybody agreed not to work in or on ships that had not a union crew from the captain on down, and both unions agreed not to work in ports that did not have organized labor.

The two organizations grew immediately, and formed sections up and down the Argentine coast, and up and down the great river system of the Platte and its tributaries. The more important local headquarters were in San Pedro, Campana, Rosario, Santa Fe, Bella Vista, Corrientes, Concordia, Barranquera, Las Palmas, Posadas, Concepcion del Uruguay, and Bahia Blanca (outside of Buenos Aires, of course, which is the biggest city and the main headquarters of both unions).

From the very first the union maintained a strict solidarity with any other workers who were in conflict with the boss. They were at war with the whole capitalist world. Any foreign ship that came into port with any sort of labor trouble on board was boycotted. Among the ships so treated at one time or another was the Martha Washington, of the U. S. A. One of the officers had shot a member of the unorganized crew. When the longshoremen saw that the officer was not being punished, they declared a boycott, and held the Martha Washington at the dock for two solid months. All the authorities and especially the American minister tried to help her master and owners, but could not.

Real Power

The unions were so powerful that if delegates went on board any ship, foreign or domestic, and were put off by the captain or any other officer, they used to serve a formal notice upon the captain of the ship, notifying him that he had been declared unfair to organized labor and that before he could load or discharge or get tug boat service, he would have to obtain a clearance from the F. O. M. hall. Captains who tried to work cargo with their crews, or who got scabs, did not find themselves hindered by pickets—the grip of the unions on the tug boats was so unbreakable that they let the offending captain go ahead and load, and then before he could get a tug to pull him away from the wharf, he had to go down to the union hall and turn over a sum equal to the full wages of longshoremen during the time his crew was working cargo.

It might be mentioned here that the F. O. M. and the officers' union made little or no attempt, however, actually to organize the crews of ships of non-Argentine registry, and took little interest in them except in time of labor disputes on board, until the M. T. W. of the I. W. W. appealed to them for aid, which was cheerfully granted.

In 1920 the unions were on strike for fourteen months against the biggest company of all, the Mi-hanovich line, an English shipping trust. About two months after winning this strike, they had to go out on general strike against all the companies to better their conditions and wages, and this struggle they won in less than ten days.

Still Ready to Fight

After this strike was over, one of the ships was sent to load at the River Platte Flour Mills, where a boycott was still on, established by the F. O. M. The crew of course refused to go, and all the ship owners declared a general lockout. They tried to bribe the

officers' union, with promises of better treatment, to break solidarity between the officers and the crews. The Federacion de Oficiales de la Marina Mercante did not take the bribe and the struggle went on fast and furious until the government had assumed the management of all the shipping, recognized the union, and gave it the right to boycott any cargo or ship they thought unfair. After a few months the ship owners agreed to give in and took back their property. During all this time, the ships were run by union men under the management of the government.

In 1921 the capitalist class of Argentina was in grave danger of complete overthrow. There was something like a revolution as a result of violence in the big metal workers' strike, and about half the police and part of the regular army joined the strikers. Many were killed in open warfare. The capitalist class, after a week of desultory battle in Buenos Aires, induced General Luiz Dillapiana to disregard President Irigoyen entirely and declare himself dictator, order all military forces to concentrate in the city, and smash the strike. These tactics were successful in wrecking most of the Argentine unions, but not the F. O. M. which never surrendered, though in the succeeding period of Fascist reaction it lost a great deal of its membership, most of its halls and places of meeting.

The Argentine Fascisti call themselves the "Patriotic League" and they did their best to kill all active and militant members of the unions and wreck organization in general. The F. O. M. branch in Concepcion del Uruguay was raided, the building burned down, and some of the members killed and some thrown in jail; same thing happened to the branch in Las Palmas, Chaco, where six union men got shot.

The union at once struck back with a boycott. This was peculiarly effective because Concepcion del Uruguay lies in the river island province of Entrerios, with communication to the mainland by boat and ferry alone. When the F. O. M. stopped cargo shipments to the province of Entrerios, the capitalists shifted to the railroad for service. Then the unions sent their delegates into the yards at the loading ends of the ferries, and refused to carry on the ferry any cars marked for the boycotted town. One day one of the most prominent Fascisti came along on a passenger train, and was recognized by the delegates. The train was not permitted on the ferry until this fellow got off.

A Real Issue

This policy of boycotting even passengers was more than the government could stand, and they tried all sorts of schemes to smash the F. O. M. The ferries were taken over by the state, and naval officers put in charge of them, with naval crews under them. Then the railroad unions refused to move cars up to the ferry terminals. Finally the government had to compromise with both unions.

However, in spite of its gallant and effective resistance, the union was so badly weakened by Fas-

cisti tactics that it had to reduce its militancy, and did not engage in any serious struggle until the new old-age pension law was passed. This law provided for retirement of all workers after a certain period, and a payment to them of pensions to be taken out of a fund created partly by taxes on the employers and partly by a five per cent tax on wages.

They Saw Through It

The workers protested against this scheme to exploit them doubly in the name of a pension, and went on general strike. This strike lasted until the government announced that the law would be suspended for a few months until some corrections could be made in it.

That strike gave the ship owners a chance that they had been looking for during many years. The officers on the ships were in favor of the law. The crews were not. The ship owners played upon the difference of opinion between the federations and got them to fight one another so that both could be smashed.

The officers were in favor of the law because they had a good pension to retire under, and could easily spare the five per cent from their wages, which was demanded by the law. On the other hand, the seamen were not easily able to spare from their wages any sum, even five percent, and would have, on retirement, a very small pension.

The entire officers' federation, on the eve of the general strike against the law, met, and notified the ship owners that they would stand by the law, and would take out any ships for which crews were provided. Some of the captains and mates actually sailed with scab crews, but the rest realized their mistake, and held a second meeting, at which it was decided to maintain solidarity with the seamen, and the ship owners were again notified, this time that only ships on which full union crews were employed would be taken out. About this time the strike was ended by the government's decision to reconsider for a few months.

However, less than a month after the ending of this strike, the deep water captains and mates branch of this officers' union broke away from the rest, and notified the employers that they would take out any ships, if their rights to select their own crews were guaranteed.

This decision provoked a conflict which still rages, with, lately, the workers getting the best of it. A strike started immediately, with boycott of all the ships and lines to which they belonged, if they still employed captains who scabbed, or were working in violation of their pact of solidarity with the F. O. M.

Lots of Reserve Strength

For about a month the F. O. M. considered itself strong enough to boycott and paralyze any ship it wished and declared unfair only ships trading with

the southern part of the country (Patagonia) and all the ships under the Argentine flag of the Hamburg-American line, and all the German ships.

The strike was going along all right; the ship owners were trying to get beach combers to take out the ships, and were not getting any tugboats to bring in any of the ships in conflict. German ships with passengers on board were kept for days at anchor outside of the river because of no tugboats to go out and get them in. The government for a while used navy tugboats to help the companies.

Then the government got very hostile and started to call in the tugboat captains and engineers and threaten them with loss of tickets. Some were arrested. A military cordon was established all around the water front. The life and liberty of those employed on the ships was unsafe. This decided the F. O. M. to declare a general strike as a protest against the partiality of the government. From twelve to fifteen thousand men are on strike, a strike of all marine transport workers against all employers.

The ferries are paralyzed, and the railroads badly affected. Mail and cargo with river ports are held up, if there is no rail connection. The strike committee of both federations decided to disregard absolutely any call from the office of the captain of the port or the minister of marine as a punishment for their brutality. The president of the republic has called the strike committees to settle the strike and has given orders in the meantime to take over the main lines affected and manage them under the direct control of the government. The strike committee has asked for the resignations of the minister of marine, of the captain general of all the ports, and of the port captain of Buenos Aires. This must be done before they will call off the general strike, and maintain only a partial strike against the ships which are manned by scabs.

The Government Beaten

The very latest account, which arrives as this is written, is to the effect that the government has declared that hereafter it will preserve neutrality, and has begged the unions to go back to the partial strike. They have so far refused to do so, partially no doubt because the offending minister and other officials have not yet been cashiered, and partially because the strike is "getting the goods." The companies are being terribly damaged, the port is absolutely blockaded, from the inside, and the strikers stand as solid as one man.

If we consider that only twelve to fifteen thousand workers, organized industrially, are able thus to cripple all the industries of the country, and make the government compromise with them, how would it be if an industrial country like the United States had its industrial workers organized 100 per cent?





THE newspaper story that Annie Blythe died by her own hand to escape arrest and punishment as a "Red" received slight credence in the ranks of the I. W. W. Known as the fiancée of Jim Burton, a confessed spy and gunman, they regarded her as a creature of similar character.

If she really was dead, it was probably due to a love quarrel. Most likely the story was a bit of camouflage to conceal her departure for new fields in which to ply the trade of agent-provocateur and stoolpigeon.

George Radcliffe, of course, knew that Annie, disguised as Billy La Mar, had fought the good fight and made the supreme sacrifice for the cause of Labor and the I. W. W., but she had pledged him to silence and his almost fanatical respect for her slightest wish sealed his lips.

George's mind was badly clouded. He never had been able to distinguish between right and wrong, as taught and practiced by those around him. His adherence to the I. W. W., although sincere and whole-hearted, was purely instinctive. He knew nothing of revolutionary principles, and less than nothing of the ethics of modern industrial warfare. Just why working men should be beaten and maimed and killed and never retaliate in kind was beyond his comprehension. About all he did know, clearly, was that he had loved and honored Annie above all else in life, and that she was gone, and that a certain human fiend known as Jim Burton was to be held responsible.

George was a timid soul. Thoughts of courts and jails filled him with dismay. He had not engaged in physical combat since childhood. Nevertheless, there rapidly formed in his darkened brain a fixed determination to avenge Annie. He would hunt out Jim Burton and exact a life for a life—only, all the lives of all the gunmen in the world would not, in his opinion, balance the score.

Quite deliberately, he began training for his Nemesian role. To accustom himself to hard knocks and contact with brutes, he undertook the sale of Wobbly papers in a proscribed part of town and was beautifully clubbed by a policeman and thrown in jail. Next day he experienced what was to him the novelty of a police court trial.

After that, for quite a while, he "made the can" about every third night. He could seldom see out of more than one eye at a time, and strips of court plaster, criss-crossed on face and neck and scalp, became a regular habit. He screamed and howled at every fresh encounter, but he learned the game, and he learned to fight. The police got to calling him "The Weeping Wildcat."

What was more to his purpose, he bought a long-barreled, thirty-eight caliber revolver and several boxes of cartridges. On days when he could

THE AUTHOR SAYS:

"The enclosed MSS, "Nemesis," is written as a sort of sequel or follow-up for "Annie." Any person familiar with the episode of the Verona at Everett, Washington, will at once understand what it is all about. In fact, much of the matter is "lifted" verbatim from Walker Smith's "The Everett Massacre." AND NONE OF IT IS EXAGGERATED BEYOND SWORN TESTIMONY GIVEN AT THE TRIAL, except the number killed.

As November 5th is the anniversary of that terrible scene, I venture to think that "Nemesis" will be quite appropriate for the November Pioneer.



THE I. W. W. STEAMER RETURNS TO THE BIG T
(An Actual Photograph Of The Verona)

see pretty well, he would hop on an interurban car, get off at a quiet place in the woods and practice shooting. In time he became an expert.

* * * *

His whereabouts becoming known through the published account of Annie's death, Jim Burton was arrested, taken back to Lumberton and given the choice of standing trial for obtaining money by false pretense or resuming the duties of Commercial Club deputy. Naturally, he chose the latter course.

But it was not the happy, unrestrained orgy of former days. All good citizens seemed to be rally-



WOUNDED MEMBERS OF THE I. W. W. —AFTER THE BATTLE
(An Actual Photograph On Board The Verona)

ing to the support of the I. W. W., and the deputies had to proceed with caution. Great mass meetings were being held, in which preachers and other influential citizens boldly voiced their indignation, and they dared not break a single head. Jim found but little use for his famous club, and welcomed the opportunity, which soon arrived, to exchange it for a high-power rifle.

Handbills were widely circulated announcing that on the afternoon of a certain Sunday the I.W.W. would hold an open-air meeting on one of the principal corners in Lambertton. And stool-pigeons informed the Commercial Club that Wobblies in the Big Town had chartered a steamboat and would attend, three hundred strong. Not daring

to openly oppose the popular will, but determined at any cost to prevent the landing of the Wobbly crusaders, the Commercial Club worked under cover of darkness.

At an early hour, while law-abiding citizens took their Sunday morning nap, five hundred deputies, armed with repeating rifles, shotguns and heavy revolvers, assembled in the Commercial Club building and breakfasted there behind drawn window-shades and locked doors. At one o'clock in the afternoon, when a telephone message warned them of the approach of the Wobbly boat, they broke cover and marched rapidly, by way of a

deserted side street, to the dock where it would land.

Arrived at the dock, most of the deputies concealed themselves in the passenger waiting-room, office, and freight sheds. Sacks of potatoes, bales of hay, etc., were piled against the walls to serve as breastworks. Boards were pried off to make loop-holes or openings through which to fire. To repel assault from angry citizens, should such a contingency arise, a strong party was massed behind a barricade of trucks and automobiles thrown across the land end of the dock. Also, a goodly number of expert riflemen were posted on another dock about a hundred yards to the south, from which an effective cross-fire could be delivered.

The trap was set. The spider awaited the fly.

* * * *

At I. W. W. headquarters in The Big Town it was decided that no weapon of any kind would be permitted on the boat, and a squad of expert "friskers" was stationed at the gang-plank to search each passenger before he went aboard. George Radcliffe was the only person who succeeded in evading this guard, and it is doubtful if any other really wished to evade it. In any event, there were no other weapons on the boat, and none were discovered by the "frisking party."

Stacking together a number of Wobbly papers, George, with a sharp chisel, morticed a hole through the center of the stack large enough to contain his revolver and a box of cartridges. Placing several uncut papers on top and bottom, he formed a receptacle similar in principle to those perforated

cards sometimes used to transport coin through the mails. Outwardly, it appeared to be an ordinary bundle of literature and aroused no suspicion.

It was a gay and festive crowd that swarmed aboard the Wobbly boat. Laughter and jest were on the lips of men, and songs of the One Big Union rang out across the sparkling waters and echoed from the green-clad hills.

Laughter and jest and song were all around him but George Radcliffe did not participate. Big with his grim purpose, sensing instinctively that this day was the end of the world for him, he sat on the upper deck, near the smokestack, solemn visaged and silent.

As the boat swung up to the dock, the men began to sing "Hold the fort, for we are coming." From a hillside overlooking the scene, thousands of Lumberton citizens welcomed them with cheer after cheer. Momentarily aroused by this fraternal demonstration, George climbed the few steps to the top of the pilot-house and waved a greeting to those on shore.

After the bowline had been made fast and the wharfinger had retired, the sheriff stepped out onto the open dock, alone. Hitching his holster around in front and grasping his revolver butt, ready for instant action, he held up his left hand and called to the men on board: "Who is your leader?"

Immediately and in unison, from practically every passenger, came the reply: "We're all leaders."

"Well, you can't land here!" shrieked the sheriff, as he drew his gun and waved it about.

"The hell we can't." shouted the men, as they surged toward the partly unshipped gang-plank.

From his elevated position, George espied, peering from the door behind the sheriff, the booze-soddened face of Jim Burton. Recognition was mutual and instantaneous, and each must have read his doom in the face of the other, for there was a sharp report and a spurt of flame from the doorway and George crumpled down and tumbled to the deck from whence he had climbed.

Quickly, as though the first shot had been a signal, and with a sound of countless fire-crackers exploding in a barrel, there leaped through the improvised loop-holes a sheet of flame, and a storm of bullets swept the decks and drummed and crashed against and through the sides of the boat.

Literally mowed down, men fell in great heaps. Wildly seeking cover, those not too badly hurt or tangled to move surged to the starboard side, causing the boat to list to such a degree that nothing but the taut bowline saved it from capsizing.

The press of men against the starboard rail was so great that it gave way and scores slipped from the up-tilted deck. There, struggling frantically in water churned to a foam by bullets from guns on the shore-end of the dock and on the dock to the south, they sank from sight, one by one, to be

dragged by the undertow far out to an undiscoverable grave.

For ten long and awful minutes the rattling, deadly hail—augmented now and again by bursts from repeating shotguns in the hands of scab-herding volunteers—poured into that writhing, screaming mass of humanity.

When a bullet zipped past his head, and another tore a spoke from the steering wheel beneath his hand, the captain deserted his post to barricade himself behind the safe and remain there until the slaughter was ended.

One lad who had climbed part way up the flag-pole to greet his supposed friends on shore crashed lifeless to the deck, his bullet-torn body acting as a shield for other who lay prostrate there.

One fellow worker seized the rail preparatory to jumping overboard, but seeing the men being shot while in the water he drew back. While doing this, a bullet pierced his hip, another went through his spine, and a third tore away his kneecap.

One slipped over the starboard side in an effort to gain the lower deck, and a bullet fired from the south dock ranged through his back from left to right just as a friend, also wounded, pulled him in through a hole torn in the canvas windshield.

A rebel girl was shot through the heart, and as she fell to the deck another bullet shattered the woodwork and drove a sliver clear through the skull of the infant at her breast.

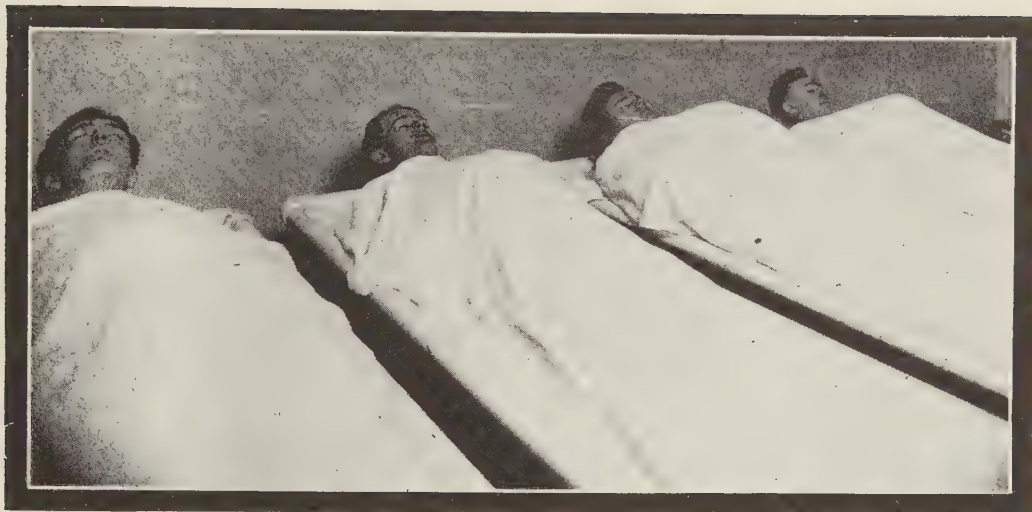
But few of the men were able to extricate themselves from the position into which they were thrown when the boat listed. Near the top of one heap lay a young Jewish college graduate, and as he struggled to regain his footing a bullet tore off the whole back part of his head, his blood and brains splashing down on those who lay beneath.

One boy in a brown mackinaw did struggle free, and with blood spurting from a dozen wounds and a scream of agony on his lips, leaped over the side and sank forever beneath the leaden deluge poured from the south dock, his watery grave briefly marked by a few scarlet ripples.

"Hold me up, fellow workers." called one lad as he was fatally stricken, "I want to finish the song." Then, above the din of gunfire, the curses of the deputies and the screams of the wounded, the final verse of "Hold the Fort" rang out in defiance of industrial tyranny; and with the termination of the words "Cheer, my comrades, cheer!" the bright red death-foam flecked the lips of the brave singer, from now on forever silent.

So great was the slaughter that, in addition to the untold number carried out by the undertow and the great mass of tangled bodies carried back to The Big Town on the blood-soaked decks and the fifty or more buried at sea from a launch at night, more than twenty bodies were found next morning washed up on the beach.

The bullet fired by Jim Burton shattered George's left thigh. The wound pained terribly and bled profusely but he did not at once lose



THE I. W. W. DEAD
(An Actual Photograph Of Those Killed In The Everett Massacre)

consciousness. Dragging himself to his bundle of papers by the smokestack, he tore it open and seized his precious revolver and box of cartridges. Reaching the top of the pilot-house, after what seemed to him an hour of torturous struggle, he sprawled upon its flat roof and began to demonstrate in grim earnest the wonderful skill acquired through long hours of pistol practice. He did not fire rapidly nor at random; at the end of the terrible ten minutes he had not yet fired a dozen shots; but it is mighty satisfying to be able to report that every shot scored a hit.

Bullet after bullet tore its way through his flesh, but he took no heed. The one thing that worried him was that he could not again catch sight of Jim Burton. Several times he sat bolt upright in hopes that the increased field of vision might include a glimpse of his enemy.

At last there came a time when he could no longer pull the trigger. His whole hand and arm seemed paralysed. His fingers relaxed and the revolver fell at the feet of young Jack Craig.

Picking up the gun, Jack made his way to the engine room and compelled the engineer, on pain of instant death, to back the boat away from the dock. With no pilot at the wheel, the propeller churned madly backward for a moment, the bowline snapped, and the boat drifted free.

It seemed to George that he was slipping backward into a dark pit. With his last flicker of nervous energy he spasmodically grasped the edge of the pilot-house and drew himself forward. At that moment the bowline parted and the sudden jerk threw him outboard. Striking a pile of bodies jammed between the pilot-house and the port rail of the upper deck, he slid to the edge and dropped over the side.

* * * *

Down—down—down. There was a roaring in his ears and lights flashed before his eyes. Pains

as from a thousand red-hot knives stabbed his lungs:

—A girl was singing; a little girl, about ten years old, with two long braids of golden hair hanging down her back. He thought it was Jessie, his sister, but when she turned he saw it was Annie—Annie Blythe.

—They sat on a log by the side of the road and talked. She asked him about Jim Burton. "Why, yes," said George, "I aimed to fetch him along, but the bells commenced ringing and I had to hurry. I'll go get him this minute. I'll—"

* * * *

Strong hands grasped his collar and wrist and dragged him far up on the beach under the dock. They were not friendly hands, for they covered him with a pile of boards and rubbish and went away.

About seven p. m. a launch stuttered up under the dock and they put him aboard. The boat was crammed with dead and wounded men, and the crew consisted of five Commercial Club deputies.

When a couple of miles off shore, the launch stopped and the deputies began to unload. One by one, the victims were dragged out. Heavy weights were wired to their ankles and they were thrown overboard.

George was conscious, and could hear and understand what was taking place. Eventually it came to his turn. He lay in an awkward position and it was necessary for a deputy to lift him clear of the low rail. He opened his eyes and saw that the deputy who held him was Jim Burton.

Quick as a flash, his arms went about Jim's neck and tightened there in a hug that could never relax. There was a tumble and a splash. Just before the waters closed above them, those in the boat heard a voice exclaim: "Annie girl, I've got him this time! Damn his soul!"

EDITORIALS

By The Editor

FATEFUL NOVEMBER

NOVEMBER is a month that brings a thrill to every member of the I. W. W. It was on November 19, 1915, that the gunmen of the metal mining pirates of the state of Utah shot Joe Hill to death. They were prison guards that did the shooting, but the guards and the prison itself, and all the other agencies of capitalism in Utah are owned by the mining magnates, so on them the guilt lies closest and heaviest.

It was on November 5, 1916, that the Verona and the Calista set out on their voyage from Seattle to the bullet spouting wharf at Everett, the place of death for many workers, and some vigilantes.

It was on November 11, 1919, that the American Legion mob attacked the I. W. W. hall in Centralia, and was met by the heroic resistance of Wesley Everest, and perhaps of others. They killed Wesley Everest, but they lost some men killed themselves, and illegal raids by private and unauthorized parties on I. W. W. halls became unpopular immediately, and continued so until they were revived in San Pedro.

The I. W. W. remembers these bloody days of November, and considers them glorious. In this issue of the Industrial Pioneer, the I. W. W. honors Joe Hill, and his immortal farewell words, "Don't mourn, organize!" The I. W. W. honors the heroes of Everett—trapped and outnumbered, they gave a good account of themselves.

The I. W. W. will never forget brave Wesley Everest, fighting for moral and industrial and legal rights, refusing tamely to submit to the smashing of his union hall, and defending himself and others, when the sworn officers of the law admitted his right to defense, but refused to defend him.

NO REFINEMENT FOR ROBOTS

THE school system is supposed to be the bulwark of the republic, and, up to now, it has been certainly a bulwark to capitalism. The little children marched the goose step and swallowed the pills of prejudice and patriotism without any objection from them or their parents. And in general, capitalism considered money spent on "education" to be well spent, and in the interests of public order, their order.

Something is happening now, though just why is not so clear. The capitalist class is sabotaging education. We have before us a statement by the teachers' unions of Chicago, which is a protest against the proposal of the Czaristic superintendent of schools here to fire about a thousand teachers, cut down the hours slightly, use a two-shift-a-day system, use the "platoon" or factory system of instruction, and abolish a part of the medical inspection of children.

The excuse given for all of this curtailment in effective education is "poverty," "no money in the school fund." The teachers counter this by figures to prove that forty billion dollars' worth of property in Chicago escapes taxation altogether, while only four billion dollars' worth of property is taxed.

Well, that is another problem. What we are interested in is: why is it that these capitalists do not raise the money? If they felt it necessary to maintain schools, they could raise the cash some other way than by taxation. Or they would submit to an infinitesimal tax on the forty billion dollars' worth now escaping taxation.

Does this phenomenon mean that the capitalist class, in its second or third generation, is so degenerate that it can no longer act in its own interest? Or does it mean that capitalism has decided that there is danger in even such slight education as it has been affording the children of the proletariat, and that it has decided to cut down on that?

NINE MILLION WOMEN

THERE are nine million women workers in American industries, if we consider as industry such things as the schools, and office work for mercantile establishments. But a comparatively small number of these millions work at relatively pleasant work of this sort. The problem of work for women is the problem of the girl clerk in the department store, the one who toils all day in the steam laden air of the laundry, of the widow who goes out at night, to feed her small children by scrubbing the marble floors of rich men's offices.

And most of all it is the problem of labelers, inspectors, and machine feeders, doing routine work for long hours a day in factories.

By the 1920 census, 1,060,858 boys and girls between ten and fifteen years of age are tabulated as "child laborers" employed in factories, mines, quarries, agricultural work, and trade, in the United States.

Rents in American homes have increased on an average 85 per cent in the last ten years, according to the National Industrial Conference Board, an employers' organization. The report shows that in spite of decreases in some items of the family budget the rent bill has continued to increase. In the 12 months ended March 15, 1924, rents showed an average advance of 9 per cent.

Invariably women's wages are lower than men's wages, and continually tend to drag down men's wages. Invariably the woman worker is unorganized. These two things are cause and effect. Organize the woman worker in industry, and her condition will be as good as any man's. Organize both men and women, and take the industry.

EDITORIALS

By Pioneer Readers

RIGHTS WE HAVE NOT

By R. HEATH

IN C-a-l-i-f-o-r-n-i-a, the land of earthquakes, fleas, hoof-and-mouth disease, jails and degeneracy, it is a crime, punishable by a prison term of one to fourteen years, for workers to try to improve their conditions and enjoy the rights guaranteed by the **United States Constitution**. The California state criminal syndicalism law and the famous Busick injunction are in direct violation of the following clauses of the **United States Constitution**:

Article Number One:

Religious Establishment Prohibited; freedom of Speech, of the Press, and of Petition:

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

Article Number Four:

Right of Search and Seizure Regulated:

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but on probable cause, supported by oath affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the person or things to be seized.

Article Number Seven:

Right of Trial by Jury!

In suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise re-examined in any court in the United States than according to the rules of the common law.

Article Number Eight:

Excessive Bail or Fines and Cruel Punishments

Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

* * *

You will notice that the Constitution guarantees the citizens of the United States the right of free speech, free press and peaceable assemblages.

We of the I.W.W. are deprived of these rights by the criminal syndicalism law. Membership in the I.W.W. is even in violation of this unconstitutional law. They arrest our news agents for selling our papers and other publications, which are all **second class mail matter**, and therefore have equal rights to be sold wherever any of the daily capitalist papers are sold, according to the Constitution. They raid our halls, where we are peaceably assembled, when we are holding peaceable entertainments, and take our members out and beat

them up, tar and feather them, jail them, and scald little innocent children with redhot grease. They raid private homes and search and seize our members without warrants, thus making them insecure in their persons and houses.

Now they arrest our members and charge them with the violation of the Busick injunction, which subjects us to six months in jail, without trial. Last but not least, they arrest our members and impose excessive fines upon them, and set the bail at an unreasonable sum, and inflict cruel and unusual punishments upon them.

Now doesn't that prove, and show you just where and how the state of California breaks, and violates each of the four clauses of the United States Constitution heretofore mentioned? I think that it does. All who believe in freedom, liberty and justice, **boycott products** raised, produced or manufactured in the state of **California**, until such time as they are willing to grant us the privileges guaranteed by the **United States Constitution**.

Join the IWW and fight for the freedom of your class—The Working Class.

FEAR VERSUS ORGANIZATION

"FEAR," says an editorial writer in a recent issue of a San Francisco newspaper, "rules the world. Tyrants ruled by fear and religions represent 99 per cent fear and 1 per cent hope."

All of which is true. Indeed, so apparent is the control of mankind through fear that we need but to watch our every day actions and note how fear of something will decide our every move, except, —and herein lies the secret of the advance of the human race—where education has overcome the monster fear, for the two are indeed bitter enemies.

The advance of the working class from chattel slavery to the present day wage slavery has been a series of conquests over fear through education. In fact, the workers have a twofold struggle in combating fear, for they must not only conquer their own fear, which is based upon the ignorance of their own strength, but they must combat a master class whose rule depends upon the ignorance of the slave. The fear of the workers becoming educated will drive this master class to the most desperate acts of cruelty that they can conceive to prevent the workers becoming educated to their own power.

History abounds with illustrations of the above. The Romans crucified over 1100 slaves after the Spartacan revolution, and left these slaves nailed to the crosses alongside the road (the Appian Way) to put fear into the remaining slaves. This terrible deed was really caused by the fear of some future slave rebellion. All through history, tyrants

(Continued on Page 33)

"To Broncho Buster Flynn"

THE LAST THING JOE HILL EVER WROTE

TUNE: "YANKEE DOODLE"

With a kind greeting, From Joe Hill

I.

I got your picture, Buster dear,
A-riding on a pony,
Your pony is a real one too—
You wouldn't have a 'phoney'.

CHORUS:

Buster Flynn he sure is game,
His eyes are full of luster,
I think we'd better change his name,
And call him—"Bronco Buster."

II.

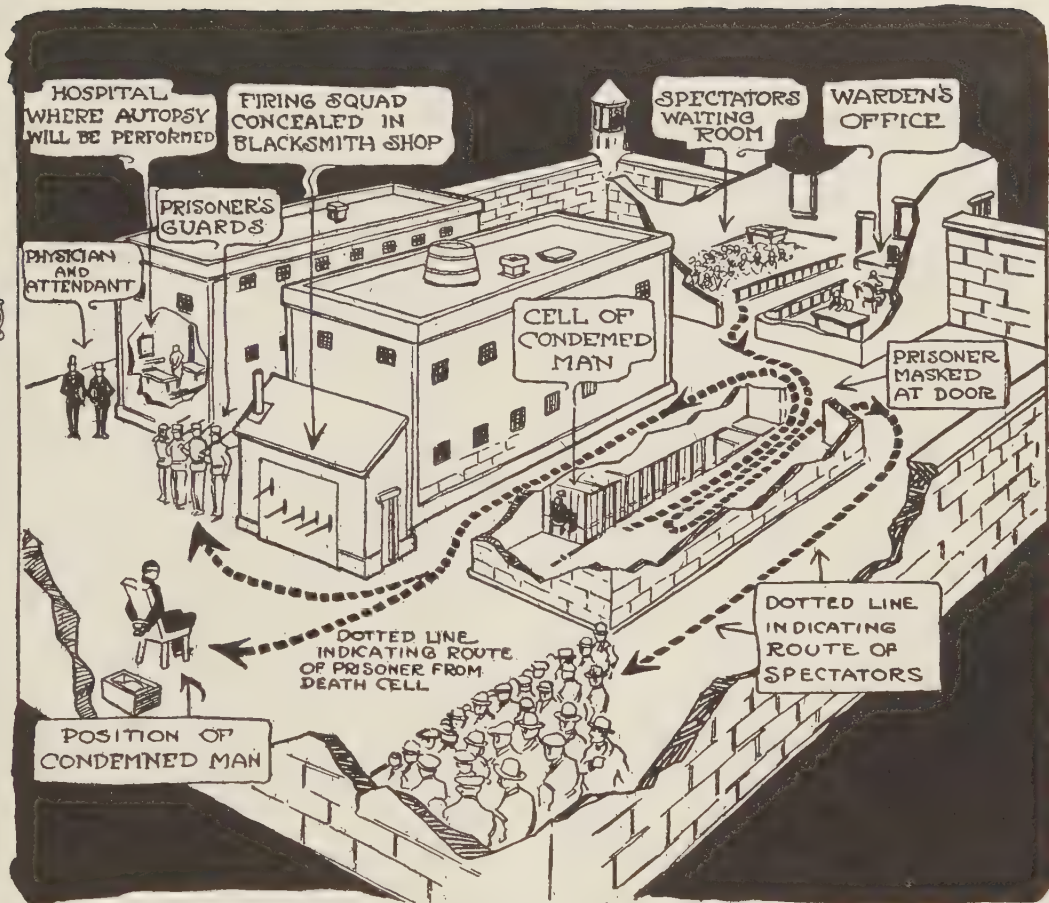
When you grow up to be a man
Be always "rough and ready,"
But never brag about it, though,
Like windy "Bull-Moose Teddy."

III.

And by and by you'll ride out west,
Like cowboys that you've read of;
But don't fall off your pony, dear,
And break your little head off.



"FELLOW WORKER:—In answer to your inquiry, "Buster" Flynn was about seven years old when Joe Hill died. One day, coming from the park in New York, there was a man with a pony, and he put Buster on the pony's back and took his picture. Buster sent the picture to Joe Hill, and it was one of the last of his treasures. Joe wrote the little song and sent it to Buster a few days before he was shot. With it was a sketch of a typical Western scene with a cowboy on a broncho.—T. FLYNN."



THE SHOOTING OF JOE HILL
(From A Picture Published In The
Capitalist Press The Day
Before The Execution)

Joe Hill

By
Ralph Chaplin

High head and back unbending—rebel “true blue”,
Into the night unending; why was it you?
Heart that was quick with song, torn with their lead;
Life that was young and strong, shattered and dead.
Singer of manly songs, laughter and tears;
Singer of Labor’s wrongs, joys, hopes and fears.
Though you were one of us, what could we do?
Joe, there were none of us needed like you.
We gave, however small, what life could give;
We would have given all that you might live.
Your death you held as naught, slander and shame;
We from the awful thought shrank as from flame.
Each of us held his breath, tense with despair;
You who were close to Death seemed not to care.
White-handed loathsome Power, knowing no pause,
Sinking in Labor’s flower murderous claws.
Boastful, with leering eyes—blood-dripping jaws . . .
Accurst be the cowardice hidden in laws!
Utah has drained your blood; white hands are wet;
We of the “surging flood” NEVER FORGET!
Our songster! have your laws now had their fill?
Know ye, his songs and Cause ye cannot kill.
High head and back unbending—such men are few,
Into the night unending; why was it you?

Sammy

By MARY HOPE

SAMMY was one of ten black brothers living on the other side of a wide green hill. On one side was Sammy's house, crouching like a frightened animal waiting for the lash, and on the other side were many houses, as white as their owners, with frail nasturtiums in the windows and curtains like frosted ice. These people were not rich but most of them had automobiles and a few had girl servants coming in for a day or two weekly, and there were always music and laughing people around the house. Sammy had one picture of all of them—golden-haired ladies with beautiful long hands to play the piano, whose voices when they spoke to their children were like kisses.

Sammy was sixteen and he had several younger brothers and two older. His mother was dead but his father was an industrious chief of his little tribe and kept his children lean and black in the sun of their labor. Sammy had always worked in the cranberry fields. During the strawberry and blueberry season he was engaged in filling boxes to deliver to the nice white houses over the hill.

In the summer of our story, Sammy was working mornings in the blueberry patch; in the afternoon he was delivering neat boxes of berries to the hill-people. This was not such a dull job as it might seem for Sammy had a voice that was a dark gem beautifully constructed to fit into the hollow spread of cranberry bog and blueberry patch. He sang as many songs as he filled boxes and his voice was quite as luscious as the berries, low-toned, a young quiver in it, leaving the air vibrant with rich echoes.

On this day the noon sun spelled the finish to Sammy's labor, and after eating his lunch he prepared boxes of berries for their journey over the hill. He sang on the road, kicking the dust before him, his toes black fishes in the ripple of the yellow sand. When he reached the other side of the hill, he surveyed the spread of fine houses with their flower gardens and flocks of blonde children playing in the sun, and it seemed to him as if the trees bristled their branches in anger as did the moustaches of their owners, when they saw this cheery, broad-shouldered colored boy coming down the hill to remind them that their nearest hill neighbor was a black one, possessive of land and inclined to arrogant pretensions, behaving slightly in the manner of human beings. It was not fresh knowledge to Sammy that his family was a sore spot for the hill-people. Part of it had been analyzed by his father, who had been approached by a real estate company and offered a price for his land. He refused. This was really the main substance of their prejudice, for Sammy's house was built on rich soil and the neighborhood was exclusive, rendering the land a value easily utilized . . . if only there were no black warts on their fine blonde visages. But there are instruments to remove such blemishes. . . .

At house after house Sammy left boxes of berries. He reached the end of a street and placed the berries on the cleanswept back piazza. He was leaving but a voice stopped him.

"I know your name: Sammy."

She was a tiny morsel of goldenness, golden skin, eyes like melted stars and hair made out of a cap of buttercups. She was tall to the reach of Sammy's hips, and her voice made Sammy think that inside the pink sea shells he had found on the beach were such lovely elves as this creature.

Sammy gave her one of his smiles, a flash of lightning in a dark sky, discovered her name was Louise and turned to go. It was part of a culture ingrained in Sammy for many years, not to look too much nor speak too much to these snowy creatures who inhabited the clean-shaven lawn of the white people. She ran to the edge of the lawn, kissed her hand to him and ran up the opposite road.

Sammy had read a beautiful story and seen a beautiful picture in the image of this charming little girl. He wondered how long it would take for her to understand her innate superiority to him and how quickly the flying kiss would become the silent curse, a contempt measured by a cold apathy—unless he passed beyond the barrier and ah! what ugly whips her pale clean hands could hold, those strong whips of father and brother, the prison, the gallows, the burning stake. Across the swamps had come stories rich with the blood of Sammy's people, but because he was young he believed the murdered niggers had been thieves and criminals and it was kinder to himself to believe so. But the time was coming when he would learn a lesson wrought out of his own dark skin and blood.

Back across the hill went Sammy in time for the perpetual supper of pork rind, bread, milk and berries. In the doorway, the cow droused, flies thick on her belly, and on the rough, splintered floor of the shack were stray nests of hens and geese. There were no curtains in the windows, a rough bed was slung across the kitchen floor, eggshells scattered in the dust, cobwebs formed a misty ladder to the ceiling. But the room was thick with the ruddy evening light, and in the corners were silver and brown cat-in-nine tails gathered from the swamp. For all their crude hunger, the grime and sweat of their ten black faces, their volubility of coarse phrases, the brothers of Sammy looked happy and their eyes were heavy with peace. Sometimes in the evening, an ambition infested them and they washed dishes. But the backyard garden was a constant urge to plant, weed or harrow and this evening also commanded the boys to trail into the garden.

Later on, the pale red mists of the cranberry bogs darkened, a few stars came out. Most of the boys were smoking and Sammy was lying in the grass, face upturned to the stars. It was a quiet

night to sleep in the open with a comradely wind; soon the brothers would be lying by Sammy's side, a sparse blanket shared by couples.

The evening drowsed on in the absolute silence. But down the yellow sand road, a clatter of noise sounded, the buzz of an automobile. Tourist, perhaps; the sleepers did not stir. But a voice cut into their sleep like a knife.

"Git up, you niggers, and tell us something you know."

They stood in a little circle facing the moonlight and it was clear that there were five or six men with a couple of young boys by their side. One of them wore a black suit and his mouth was shaded by a dark moustache; to Sammy, he looked like the deacon. The others were clean-shaven with hats slouched over their eyes. They were not dressed like hill-people. And in back of one of them, dangled a rope.

"Where's Sam?"

Sammy threw off his blanket and wiped the sweat from his face. He strolled over to them with heat mounting in strong waves. But outwardly he was calm. A mistake somewhere. . . .

They came nearer and instinctively Sammy moved backward. One of them pointed with a finger, "Where's the Raynor baby? Where's Louise? What you done with that kid, you damn nigger."

Sammy could not bring words out of his throat but his whole body was a passionate protest. The cords on his neck wound like little black snakes and the moonlight shivered across his naked breast.

"I doan know. I doan know what you-all talking about . . .," he muttered, the words twisting in incoherency. He gave a swift glance into the dark path to the woods and one of the men walked back of him. There was a flashing of grins at this move.

"These kids saw her going down the road with you this afternoon."

He was swift in his pleading now.

"No, no, sir. You-all doan mean me. I doan know that kid. I ain't been thar."

"Been where?" The shadow of the tallest of them moved toward him blackly. "Where you been, nigger?"

Sammy moved backward, a tendency to crouch and run seized him. But they were close to him now, twisting his wrist and a rope lashed the calves of his legs.

The edge of the woods formed innumerable black pine doors; above it the path of the horizon was shot red with arrows sailing into the darkening blue.

They moved towards the woods, the writhing body of young Sammy between them. The sight of the blueblackness of the forest, the sound of curses and the heavy breathing about him, the sob-rent voices of his brothers breaking into the echo-haven of the bogs, stunned Sammy; he fell over stumps of trees and he was wet with hot sweat, heavy with the burden of his throbbing heart. . . . Poor, innocent Sammy, the lesson of the white man was being wrought out of his bleeding bones, his accursed

dark flesh and only the soft-blowing wind and the moans of his people mingled kindly with his mute horror.

But they did not go into the pine forest. In the open field leading to the woods, stood a tree, wide-spread with branches, barren of leaves, twisted into a million gnarled growths. Over this a rope sailed. An old story in Negro communities occurred, a story so common that it is scarcely more to them than a white plague touching one of them or a bleak wind uprooting part of their stolid vegetation. . . .

Time has grown since the telling of this story and the people on the other side of the hill are no longer burdened with the shame of black neighbors. A real estate agent bought the land from Sammy's father, who submitted gladly to their price.

They built white houses on the drained patch of bog and the rooted blueberry bushes; on the vegetable patch grow bright flowers. Sammy's father moved away. There was no longer a livelihood for him in this lonely territory of whites; the people locked their doors at his appearance and children pointed their fingers at him and ran away.

Only one thing tells the newcomers the story of their hill as they sit on their porch on the summer evenings. Their white starched babies gurgle under a tree, one of whose branches is bent by the strength of a young Negro's neck.

And little Louise, golden elf, returned to her house the day after the hanging. She had been visiting her grandmother.

FEAR VERSUS ORGANIZATION

(Continued from Page 29)

have become more tyrannical when they felt their power waning.

In California today the employers and business interests are banding themselves together through the fear that some day the workers will become educated and unseat them from their position of power. They know full well that their position rests upon the amount of fear that they can instil into the minds of the people, hence they use all the means at their command to circulate stories destined to make the citizens of this state fear the I. W. W. Stories of burning haystacks, poisoning food supplies, destroying the home, etc.

However, since the I. W. W. has been busily educating the workers as to the falsity of these claims, and since as a consequence the I. W. W. is no longer looked upon as an organization to be feared except by brutal exploiters of labor, this same master class resorts to the same methods as the tyrants of all ages when they have felt their power waning: namely, the use of physical force and violence to frighten the rebels themselves. What else can explain the tarring and feathering of working men or the beating and scalding of little children? What other reason can be given for putting workers in the penitentiary merely for the crime of organizing their fellow workers, unless it is the fear that the employers have of such an organization?

WOBBLES

A FARMER WOULD A-WOOING GO

A rural announcement from northwest Canada is to the effect that Louis Kon, employment agent, is looking for "a nice refined lady, who can slop the pigs, play the organ, make hay and not waste in cooking. James Kling wants her for a wife."

THE QUESTION

Curly Locks, Curly Locks, will you be mine?
You'll first do the cooking, then fodder the swine.
You'll sit in the parlor, the organ to play,
Then hike to the pasture to help with the hay.

THE ANSWER

Nervy Locks, Nervy Locks, nix I'll be thine.
Do your own cooking, and slop your own swine.
Play your own organ, and pitch your own hay—
Seek not a wife, but a harem. Good day!

—wIw—

ALL PORE CRITTERS NOW

In the days of chattel slavery in the South a plantation owner had a slave by the name of Rastus. He was a good slave; his master had paid \$500 for him. On the plantation was a building with a high steeple. The master was going to town one day and calling Rastus over said to him: "Rastus, I'm going to town and I want you to shingle that steeple. If that steeple isn't shingled when I come back I'm going to give you a good horsewhipping.

Rastus looked at the steeple but it was too high for him to climb. The master came back from town, looked at the steeple, got his black-snake whip and called Rastus over.

"Rastus, what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Massa, you done paid \$500 for me didn't yo? There's a po' white trash carpenter living across the road you can hire for \$2 a day; if he falls off o' dat steeple yo lose nothing. If I falls off you lose \$500."

"You're right, Rastus," says the master, "go and get yourself another ham and tomorrow you can have a holiday in town."

....But now we're all "po' white trash."

—wIw—

Farmer.—Looking for work?

Wobbly.—What are you paying?

Farmer.—Going wages.

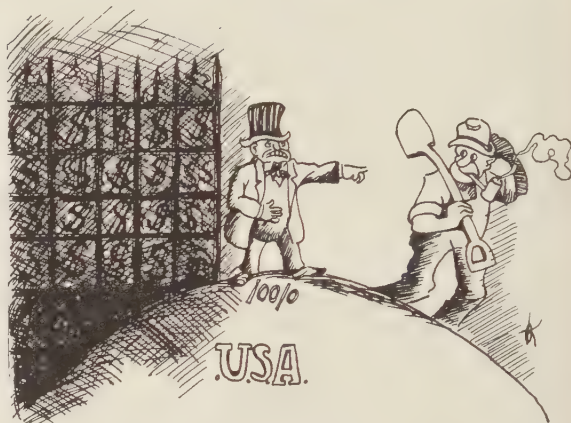
Wobbly.—What is the going wages?

Farmer.—Whatever my neighbor pays.

Wobbly.—What is your neighbor paying?

Farmer.—Going wages.

—Ragnar Anderson.



IS THIS C. S.?

Scene: Big town with a murder trial on. A witness is called, same being a big Swede.

Attorney for the defense: "You say that you were an eye-witness of the murder?"

"Yah."

"Now let's see, how far were you from the affair?"

"'Bout mile."

"What! You say you saw the whole thing and still you were a whole mile away? Explain to the jury how you saw this affair when you were a mile away."

Answer: "Vell, ay don't care damn for dis trial no-how."

—wIw—

HOME LIFE IN U. S. A.

A woman rushed excitedly to the house of a neighbor. She knocked once very nervously, but there was no reply. A second knock produced no answer. Presently the window above was thrown open and a woman's face appeared.

The woman below looked up, and explained hurriedly, "Mrs. Jones, your husband's been sentenced to jail for a month."

"Oh, dear me, Mrs. Smith," replied the other, "how you did frighten me! I thought it was the man after the rent again!"

—wIw—

IN AND OUT

An inmate of Leavenworth penitentiary recently received a call from the warden who said:

"I understand you got in prison on account of a glowing mining prospectus."

"Yes," admitted the gentlemanly prisoner, "I was quite optimistic."

"Well," continued the warden, "the governor wants a report on conditions in this prison. I want you to write it."

WARBLE

"SHADOW LANE FARM"

In which the writer—after an absence of many years—
returns to his native heath.

By CARD 758118

I'm back in old Ulster at work with my spade,
Now I think it's the last place that God ever made.
All I can do is to look up at the trees
And swamps where we sink in mud up to our knees.
I'm as lonesome as cats and my only pastime
Is to sit down and write some darn foolish rhyme.
I look out the door and see nothing but grass
In dear old Esopus where time cannot pass.

Some fool once wrote of the joy and the charm
Of the bright happy days he had spent on the farm,
How in boyhood he'd rambled in forest and dell
Chasing chipmunks and raising particular—well . .
How the songs of the bullfrogs he'd love to admire
But "Ed" was a composite of varlet and liar,
And he'd never wrote that if his childhood he'd
passed

In dear old Esopus full of green apple-sass.

Well regards to the bunch and don't take this too
sad

For it's many a laugh and a joke we have had,
But I'd give fifty dollars if I had the dough
Just to meet Edwin Markham and his "Man with
the Hoe."

For since I've been a boy and I lived around here,
Gone are the days of old Beverwick beer.
The people 'round here are a queer lot of "mugs,"
I've got to get back with the rest of the "bugs."
For in those Catskill mountains we'd have you to
know

When his wife chased him out and he'd no place
to go,

Then for twenty long years in the rain and the
snow,

Slept old Rip Van Winkle, our original Hobo.

"WHO'S THE HOOSIER NOW!"

"Who's the Hoosier now?"

Hollered John on a crimping night
To the bunch that lay in the reefer's
Trying to keep warm by candle light.

There's lots of useful suckers,
The jungles are full of guys
Who listen to honest John Farmer
As he lies—and lies—and lies.
They fall for the Tale of the Chuck and the Flop,
Take a ride with John in his flivver;
Then go out and sleep with that horse of John's,
And eat up his sow-belly and liver.

—Jay Bee Griffin.

A SYMPLE-THETIC LAY

By JIM SEYMOUR

Her dad had glommed his millionth bean
And kept her stuffed for fair;
He ragged her like a redlight queen,
With sparkers in her hair;
He hired a well trained female ape
To mix his dolly's booze
And taxiderm her Paris shape
While John Sun piped her snooze.

Her days were long as Texas sheets
And bulging with ennui,
And so between her heavy eats
She plugged for charitee;
She threw her foot around the slums,
And on her blubbered knee
She tamped the brats that scoffed on crumbs
And fed them sympathee.

One day while gabbing at a kid
She puff-puffed, "Oh dear me!
The poor child fainted, yes he did;
He has my sympathee.
Oh me, oh my, oh such a shock!
'Tis so my good work fails."
Then officed up a public doc
To skid him on the rails.

The sawbones rambled to the dump
And slanted at the lad,
Then heard about the oozy lump
Of sugared symp he'd had.
"The young 'un's starved," he said to She;
"That slushy dope ain't jake.
You might have kept your sympathee,
The blame stuff didn't take."

THE GREAT LIFE

Says Helen Keller: "I am inclined to think that
life is great. Its trials and triumphs are all ro-
mance if we will have it so. The old order is
passing away and a new order is coming in, and
the change will be for the better, for the power
of love will bring a new day out of the darkness."
We hope the blind girl sees well in this case.

Ah, Love, couldst Thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things, entire,
And shatter it to bits!

And then, remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

—Omar Khayyam.

James Pierpont Morgan, he
Was as worried as he could be:
"Got the world by the tail and pullin' down hill,
"But the Wobs—
"Pull back," says old J. P.

Martha

By JAMES ROHN



Dedicated to
Justice, that oft-
en, like Provi-
dence, "works in
ways mysterious
its wonders to
perform."



PART ONE

THREE hundred and more humans, typical of the riff-raff and odds and ends of our variegated society, pressed to the iron chain that stretched across the south end of the recreation tank, or in common parlance, the bull pen. The thirtieth minute after eleven o'clock in the morning and the thirtieth after three in the afternoon had for generations witnessed the same scene. The eagerness manifested by this mass of caged humanity to return to their black painted steel crypts has been to me ever unexplainable, unless it can be ascribed to a psychological revolt against the wearisome monotony of slouching up and down a dingy high-walled corridor. Certainly the noon-day meal soon to be served did not hasten their footsteps. The gong sounded (the gong was the jail guard's big brass key striking an iron stanchion). Somebody dropped one end of the chain and the mob, stumbling over it, climbed the one, two and three flights of stairs, disintegrating on the way as one by one the prisoners of the old Cook County jail slipped into their respective cells.

I was always one of the last to ascend the three flights to the fourth gallery, the jail guard informed me (and for the past few weeks his charge was true). I had undertaken the task, good or bad, of concerning myself with affairs other than my own, in particular, the affairs and welfare, if this latter word can be correctly used in a matter so ghastly and devoid of welfare, of my cell-mate.

He was a Rumanian Jew, and old, seventy-five years the newspapers said, good and old, to estimate by the corrugated, yellow parchment skin and snow-white locks that hung almost to his stooped shoulders. The doddering amble and the semi-vacant

orbs, through which they say the soul gazes out upon the world, told their tale of a life lived and death soon to come. The first time I thought of that I shuddered—sombre fatality; death soon to come. He did not have a chance. The hangman's noose—or would a less harsh fate permit him to die in the straw bunk of a black-painted cell? Would the hangman, subject to the scriptural curse, earn his bread in the sweat of his brow, or would the last spark of a fast fading life flicker first? The gallows tree would win, I opined, as I aided the old fellow up the stairs; the forces of the law were hurrying this murder case to its prophesied end, lest death should cheat justice of its pound of flesh.

A crime wave was sweeping the city; the sensational press had its readers terrorized with tales, daily told, of crime horrors. Punishment, swift and merciless, was the sure cure it recommended to stop further depredations by the underworld upon society at large.

Here was the case ideal—the culprit caught, if not in the act, then just after the killing, still in the house, yes, even in the room, sitting on a chair beside the dead, and with the red stained knife at his feet. Children of the neighborhood, looking in the window, were the first to witness the sad tableau and had scurried away to tell their parents who in turn notified the police. When the latter arrived he was still sitting beside the dead wife, hands clasped and body swaying as though in agony. Repeated questioning since then about the crime had elicited no information, nothing had come from his lips save the soft repeated pleading, wailing cry of "Martha." Martha was the dead woman.

The blatant-mouthed assistant prosecutor in charge of the case had already found him guilty in

the newspapers and was jubilant over the prospects of promotion. The trial judge was stern and cold in his published statements on crime in general and thereby indicated what his attitude would be in the trial to come. The public, he soliloquized, would surely vote at the next election for a servant so upright and unafraid. The police congratulated one another and the newspapers did homage to themselves, while even the criminal element could read of the prospective trial and hanging with satisfaction, knowing that a satiated public would forget them for a time.

And so it was that all rejoiced—all but the old man who heeded not what was going on around him and whose days were spent in mourning for the dead. Even in the stillness of the night he called to the woman whom he loved, "Martha! Martha!"

We were locked up together twenty hours of every twenty-four and gradually, as his mind partially recovered from the shock caused by the tragic death of his wife, the old man told me of his youth, at times recalling scenes of years ago when he and she were young serfs in the foot-hills of far away Wallachia. Born in slavery they were freed from that bondage in 1864 when Rumania emancipated its serfs, though the newly acquired freedom proved to be a blessing not without some perils to those freed serfs of Jewish lineage. This, too, barred them from sharing in the free land allotments made to the other liberated serfs, so, unable to remain as tillers of the soil they migrated first to the nearby village of Cosia on the River Olt, where they were married, and then slowly westward through Austria and into the newly formed German Empire. Here in surroundings not unlike those in which Jesus was born, Martha gave birth to their first child. A man-gar sufficed for a cradle and, like a great lantern hung in the sky, a silvery moon lighted the way of another soul to this vale of tears.

On their journeying they heard of the wonderful fairyland America and decided to leave the home of their fathers that their children might not fall heirs to the persecutions and poverty that had marked their race in Europe. Time passed before enough money had been saved from their scant and vicarious earnings to enable them to take passage for the shores of the golden land to the west. Another child was born meanwhile, contributing to the family expense and the family joy. This expense delayed their departure until 1870 when they bought steerage passage to New York City.

While America failed to measure up to expectations it was an improvement over existence in the eastern countries of Europe where life and death were but the matter of political intrigue, religious bigotry and a king's whim.

In New York City they established their first real home though it was but two small rooms on a side street in a tenement district peopled chiefly by German and Austrian immigrants. Through the good offices of a Foreign Relief Association the old man had obtained work as a waiter in a beer garden restaurant. Piece work sewing done at home by

Martha aided the family exchequer and increased a slowly accumulating little hoard that, hidden away at the bottom of the baby's crib, was to ward against rainy days.

The rainy days came (as rainy days always do). Both children died and another was born during the panic year of '73. The shop where sewing had been obtained closed its doors and the restaurant job was held only at the cost of a reduction in wages. The year rolled on and by, and with the passage of winter factories and shops re-opened and wages climbed to their former level.

The third child made up for the loss of the first two and upon it was bestowed the love and care that only grief laden men and women can give to their last born. But care and kindness cannot hold a life if fate decrees otherwise and hardly had they ceased to mourn for those that were dead when the third child passed away. Later they learned that the insanitary methods of the mid-wife who functioned when the last born was ushered into this world had made Martha barren.

Saddened by scenes that seemed always to recall their sorrows they again migrated to start life anew.

Westward they wandered, working wherever work was obtainable, until they reached Chicago. The packing plants, then just developing, gave him work for thirty years until he could no longer keep up with the younger men around him. Dismissal came and was followed by years of search for another and a lighter job. As the days fled, hope departed; his hair was too gray and his step too slow to lure a prospective employer away from the more youthful and stronger applicants for work.

Long years of unemployment had depleted their modest savings from the thirty years' work in the packing house. The little plot of ground and the frame cottage the old man had erected on it where they had lived these thirty years had been mortgaged until the banker refused to advance them any more money on it (and, in fact, and this is a timely digression, while the old man was in jail it was sold under the hammer and realized, over and above what the banker claimed, a sum that just covered funeral expenses for Martha).

And so, bit by bit, he told his past to me and through it all not an unkind word for the dead; just a great tenderness that graduated into what was almost worship. During the long comfortless weeks we celled together he expressed no remorse for a deed done—only regret that Martha was forever gone.

When our conversation turned from those early years he became hazy and incoherent even on matters that in his lifetime must have loomed large compared to the boyhood trivialities often remembered. Just a slight reference to the cause of his plight was sufficient to dissipate, for the time, recollections of the past and plunge him anew into profound misery. In moments such as these he was conscious only of the loss of his Martha and then his mind, impoverished by old age, would become almost blank, though still he whispered the one word "Martha."

PART TWO

Day after day we paced around the oval ring formed in the bull pen by the outcasts of all lands. Acquaintances are soon made and sometimes an old friend is met in this grotesque promenade; every day new faces appear and old faces disappear—perhaps forever. One can choose one's company here. A burglar if you will, a bank cashier or a pick-pocket. A hardened sinner, one who hails from a half dozen penitentiaries, or a beginner with but a reform school record behind him to be ashamed of or to boast about. He who would associate with honest men may do that too—witnesses on serious cases and others falsely accused. Sometimes, as with myself, a street speaker without adequate finance for bail is held for a few weeks until justice, in some way too deep for ordinary comprehension and therefore understood only by the authorities, is appeased; then the unlucky orator is liberated, usually without a trial as it is impossible to get a jury to convict him.

Here it was I made an acquaintanceship the memory of which is writ large as a brilliant illustration of the ways of mice and men. And be it remembered, if he whom I write about sinned, that he too was sinned against, and who shall cast the first stone? I will, when I have cause to refer to him, do so by the nick-name bestowed upon him in the old Cook County jail, the "Kid."

He was nineteen or twenty years old and the charm of youth radiating with the boyish smile seemed to rival the few small sunbeams that managed to steal through the dirty windows and between the blackened bars in an appeal to those who were less calloused to the seamy side and more susceptible to the bright side of life.

The first time I saw him he was drying a handkerchief on an almost cold radiator near a wall where others had gathered for the same purpose. A light for a cigarette was the cause of my stopping and with the aid of a few casual remarks a conversation developed. He was being held on a minor charge (that ended in acquittal). He disliked the surroundings but the ideas and people he met here were new and in a small degree fascinated him. One person in particular seemed to have that power of attraction, a highway robber I guessed by his talk with a "record" as his credential to an elevated social standing in the jail community. Various cases on trial and pending were discussed with much knowingness by the group that used this radiator as a gathering place during recreation hours. Mistakes in crime execution and legal jockeying before trial were pointed out by the initiated. Here, too, one interested in the subject could gain ideas as to the most appropriate crime under given conditions and the methods and weapon best calculated to produce desired results.

The Kid was always an interested listener to these conversations and to me it was evident that his education was progressing at a nice rate despite my talks to him along other and contrary lines. One

especially disconcerting point on criminal ethics appeared. Twice a week on visiting days a girl of sixteen or seventeen years called to visit the Kid. She brought food and fruit and articles of wearing apparel for him.

I saw her once through the double steel screening that separates the prisoners from those who visit them. She stood almost opposite me, pretty and demure; her big blue eyes were dimmed with tears by the brutality of the situation.

In one of my first semi-confidential talks with the Kid I divined that he had marriage in mind. But day by day the ideas of work and home became hazy and distant until finally, as he listened to tales of sudden acquisition of great wealth through criminal ways, it had been suggested to him that the correct thing to do would be to break the girl in to working on the street for him—a source of steady income when other business was dull. At first this thought had been revolting and he had repelled it in anger, but in this school of crime good intentions fade and are soon forgotten and replaced by intentions not so good. The Kid, as I said, was learning fast.

I must acknowledge the digression of this chapter, and, to use legal terms, plead as extenuating circumstances, first—my liking for the Kid. His personality, unsophisticated, pleased and won all with whom he came in contact; the charm of youth in the sordid setting of the old Cook County jail was greater by its very contrast to the setting. Second,—my regret upon noting the changing psychology; day by day the smile of frankness faded and a look of worldly wisdom stealthily crept into its place; a barrier that I could neither break nor penetrate had grown between us, he was no longer one of the innocents caught in this grist mill of justice. Third,—the horror of the end.

PART THREE

A trial date for the old man had been set, and the judge, having indulged in a splash of rhetoric anent the generosity of the state, appointed a lawyer to defend him as, so far as could be ascertained, he had no funds of his own. The setting of the trial date came as a shock to me though it was but a matter of routine. It marked a definite step toward what to me was an unholy end for I believed the old man to be innocent of the crime; his grief bore no trace of guile or repentance to destroy my faith in him.

No one else seemed to doubt his guilt or if in the heart of this great city any did, they kept it to themselves. At least no one called to make inquiries or suggestions or even pass the time of day except the Moody Bible Institute people, who twice on every Sunday came to tell us how bad we were and how good they were. Days followed one another in soul stunning monotony without incident or diversion to relieve the mental pressure and pain that silence and loneliness inflict. They say that men go mad here.

The old man paid but little attention to the legal phases of his case as one by one, like so many grave-

diggers, they were paraded past him. He concerned himself with Martha and the past. An occasional pipe of tobacco afforded him his only solace through the gloomy twenty hours a day we spent in our cell.

At last the day of trial came. He had been notified the day before to be ready to appear in court and with what little aid I could give was as tidy as it was possible to make him. He was confused; the unusual preparations had stirred his mind, and his wonderment increased when the lawyer came to the cell door in a last endeavor to obtain a rational statement that would explain his presence at the body of the dead and clear him of the charge of murder. The lawyer's morning call before the court convened was strange, and by his questioning I could see that he was in a quandary as to how to proceed.

His early visit gained him nothing, however, as his client was unable to concentrate his mind even for a few minutes. Then the jail guard marched him off, hurrying his shuffling footsteps across the iron bridge that leads from the cells to the court rooms. As he departed I believe the idea was dawning in the old man's shattered intellect that he was going to join his Martha.

The trial occupied but little time. By noon of the first day a jury had been selected and this was all the news I could get until the following morning, for I refrained from questioning the old man when he was brought back to our cell in the evening, as it was patent that he was physically weary and wanted only rest. Outwardly, at least, he was in no way moved or impressed by the day's proceedings.

The morning newspapers sold in the jail gave what appeared to be a fair account of the trial as far as it had gone. The opening statements by opposing counsel were brief. Then the neighborhood witnesses were called by the prosecution and testified that as far as they were aware the defendant had always been of sound mind and though they had never known the old couple to quarrel, still they knew but very little about their personal affairs and domestic life. All, including the children and police, told with what in some other instance might be considered laudable dramatic endeavor, of the room scene already narrated. Throughout the session the blood stained knife was featured to a shuddering jury and so ended the account of the first day.

Reports of the second day were no more encouraging. The old man was placed on the witness stand by his counsel with the frantic hope of an eleventh hour statement that would establish his innocence and stem the tide that was setting strong against them, but due, the prosecution pointed out to the jury, to surly stubbornness, the old man had failed to answer any of the questions asked, and the jurors nodded in understanding disapproval of that "stubbornness." An alienist was sworn for the defense. He testified that the defendant was a mental wreck, though under cross-examination he admitted that it was impossible to state his mental condition at the time the crime was committed; and that in the past he knew of a number of instances where imbecility and insanity had been skillfully feigned.

The summing up of evidence occupied the forenoon of the third day. Here our lawyer (I was so in sympathy with the old man that I regarded his attorney as ours) presented the best defense possible.

Seventy-five years is about that time in life when the average man enters his dotage. Dotage, the lawyer explained, is the slowing down of cerebration; imbecility the complete arrestation. Emotions of long tenure cease, as the brain slows down, to be emotions and become habits of mind, in other words mental furniture. Suppose, gentle reader, you should do something that I know you are incapable of doing, hate someone. Hate in your youth with good cause, and for the same reason or others, continue that hate until you live to the ripe old age that I hope you will live to. Then, dotage intervening, memory will in degree fail, and though you may be no longer conscious of reasons for hating you will still be susceptible to the customary nervous reactions whenever the object of your past hate envisions itself upon you; enmity or friendship will exist though the reasons for enmity or friendship are no longer apparent to you.

Not a quarrel, our lawyer argued, did the evidence show, between the old man and Martha in their forty years of residence in the neighborhood, while on the contrary, many manifestations of affection between the old couple had been sworn to even by witnesses for the prosecution. Hence the old man's attitude of love and kindness was not a wind-tossed vagary, but a fixity of life-long duration and stability and not to be temporarily overcome by a gust of passion that the brain was not attuned to develop.

Finally, the defendant had reached that stage of life where the brain could no longer be stirred to the passionate pitch that such a crime would necessitate and therefore the crime was to the defendant a psychological impossibility. The defense had concluded its case.

The prosecution opened its summing up with fearful invective against the old man and closed with an impassioned plea for a verdict of guilty in the first degree and a sentence of capital punishment. "Hang, the old man must," thundered the prosecuting attorney, "if the people are to be safe in their beds at night; if crime is to be checked and justice vindicated."

The judge instructed the jury which then retired to deliberate. Its deliberations were short; a verdict was soon reached and as they marched back into the court room the news spread that the finding was what the prosecution had asked—guilty in the first degree, coupled with a recommendation for capital punishment.

The members of the jury, solemn faced and sour, as I imagine our good Puritan ancestors were whenever they condemned a witch to the stake, filed into the jury box, and the court room became hushed as the judge ordered the defendant to stand to hear the verdict read. The defendant did not move nor did he betray by word or sign that he had heard the

order of the court. Impatiently a court attache reached to the old man's shoulder and shook him, but receiving no response pushed his head back from the position it had sunk to with his chin resting on his chest. As the head moved back the lower jaw dropped, so that the jury and others around the judge's desk could see by the fast glazing eyes and convulsed features that not only was the old man dead but that he had died in agony.

Physicians, who afterwards examined the body, stated that he had died of a functional disturbance of the heart. Medical science has it that in a person laboring under great emotional stress, stress great enough to cause blood to flow to the heart faster than that organ can pump it out along its ordained course, and especially if the valvular action of the heart is weak or irregular as it usually is in old age, the blood will on rare occasions cause a rupture or break in the walls of an artery in the heart and instantaneous death results. Our scientific friends call it Arterirrhesis. To the rest of the world it is a broken heart.

It is my fancy to think that as the court attache moved the old man's head back, thus allowing the jaw to drop and the lips to part, the lips then, for the last time, murmured the one word "Martha."

I do not know what disposition was made of the body. Probably the old man is at rest in the potter's field. Mother Earth, they say, is kind to her children when at last we go to her for the long sleep that knows no dawn. Just sleep—sans dreams, sans sorrows, sans all but sleep.

PART FOUR

Time has elapsed since the tragedy the outstanding points of which I have herein sincerely tried to record.

My difficulty with the sovereign state of Illinois had been adjusted shortly after the old man's trial and upon release I decided to visit the scene of the tragedy, so I made my way to the little three-room cottage where they had lived. Built on a small lot that in the front and on one side showed traces of having been a flower garden but at the time of my visit was given over to weeds, it was about as dilapidated as the old man himself.

Unoccupied for months, the windows had been broken by children or removed by some of the more thrifty neighbors. The front door had but the lower hinge, now almost wrenched off, as its sole and rather dubious connection with the rest of the tumble down structure that for so many years it had protected from the wind and rain. It was leaning awry against the inner wall that was also bent and out of plumb. The furniture had been removed. No pictures were on the walls; no flowers from the garden of the other days were in vases to greet the glance of a friend. Not even a carpet, that had it existed must have been faded and worn, was there to hide the blood stain on the floor.

I hastened away though I regretted going; it seemed almost hallowed ground dedicated by years

of love and labor to an end that all men strive for—a happy old age—an end that is not attained by all. Let us hope, gentle reader, that you and I will be more fortunate than the old man.

From the cottage I proceeded to the local grocery store, usually a center of gossip and information, intent on fathoming the mystery of the murder. The grocer's wife was in attendance and, perhaps, with some assistance from me, conceived the idea that I was a newspaper reporter. Visions of free publicity for the store and possibly her picture on the back page of a paper opened her heart and her mouth.

I will not further tire those who read my tale by repeating all the gossip the grocer's wife favored me with. Surely we are not here interested in the "goings on" of Mary Jane, nor do we care, aside from abstract morality, just who owes (and how much) the good grocer; and if the saintly Rev. Somebody is suspected of having sampled one of his flock's home brew, that suspicion need not interrupt the thread of this narrative.

We are concerned only with facts bearing on Martha's death so I will present our conversation at the store bare of any extraneous matter.

Shorn of interesting if not germane neighborhood notes it revealed the following: not more than an hour prior to the discovery of the crime Martha had been in the store and made a few small purchases. She tendered a twenty dollar bill (the last, it appears, that the banker would advance them) in payment, and received eighteen or nineteen dollars change. A man, a stranger, was in the store at the time and saw the change as it was counted out to Martha. He purchased tobacco and left the store directly after Martha.

That is all the pertinent information I could gather but it was enough. Recalling newspaper statements of the murder it will be remembered that no money was found either on the dead or in the house. The old man had been searched but the search revealed but a few pennies. Someone, then, must have taken the money and that someone must have entered the house after Martha and committed the murder to effect the robbery and then hurried away before the old man's entry; and he, the old man, being overcome with grief upon seeing the body of his wife, must have sunk down in the chair beside her, his mental powers destroyed by the sudden shock.

CONCLUSION

As previously implied, the Kid had been restored to liberty after a trial and acquittal. Our paths in life had not crossed again since our release so I could but speculate as to whither his footsteps would stray and what his final attitude was to the girl who had placed her faith in him, until, one day, I read of him in the newspapers.

Bold black headlines told whoever read that another bandit had been killed while attempting a pay-roll robbery.

About twenty years old, brown hair, gray eyes; all identification points given in the papers so corresponded and the name was his.

A morbid curiosity to view the body moved me to go up to the morgue. An attendant there ushered me into the room where the corpse lay on a marble slab. A sheet used for covering the body had been pulled down to the waist line, permitting those present to see the bluish black spot over the heart where a bullet had crashed out his life.

A number of people were gathered there around the lifeless clay, the clay that society had mismoulded and then broken, all strangers to me but one, and that one I had last seen through the double steel screening in the old Cook County jail. It was the Kid's girl, but changed, changed as the street only can change a woman. Now the paint on her cheeks was garishly conspicuous as, no doubt, she intended it to be, and it told her story—evident it was that

the old Cook County jail could, like the ogres of our childhood fairy tales, reach out and destroy others than those that rotted in its belly. And she, as I watched her, glanced in an appraising way at the several men who were in the room—even over the naked body of her dead lover she had an eye for business. In this way the justice of our capitalist society is achieved.

And this is the end of my story. The trial judge was re-elected by an admiring constituency; the assistant prosecuting attorney gained his desired promotion, and the newspapers are still enthusiastic about themselves, though the fact of the persistency of crime might embarrass a less noble brigade; while the readers of the newspapers, when browsing through the able editorials and still abler advertisements, congratulate themselves upon having them for champions.

THE END.



Breadline Fables

No. 2—HIS LAST DIME AND BROTHERLY LOVE

By MARINER

THERE is a thing very much like a balloon which rises gently into the air until it is out of the reach of the person when the person digs into his pocket and draws out an empty hand. That is the price of the almighty doughnut. Perhaps this is only the stretching of one's imagination! Yes, what does a person do when the doughnut is out of reach, and the lowering of it beyond possibility?

You would say: "If a person was occupied at useful labor, perhaps, he would have no fear of existing on doughnuts." A truer statement can hardly be made. Nevertheless, it works both ways!

A few years ago, after the aforementioned doughnut rose out of reach, I took on some useful labor. I secured a job on the S. S. "Admiral Watson." She came into the Queen City from Alaskan waters the day before. As I have stated, you will suppose I was without visible means of support. Which is true.

The ships engaged in the Alaska service do not feed their crews while in their home port. An extra allowance of fifty cents per meal is granted them.

But to go on, it was Friday afternoon when I secured the job, and I went to work the same night. All that day no food of any kind touched my lips. I worked Saturday and Sunday, too; no food. A job, and no way of obtaining food!

In consequence, I ventured toward the skid road. Many others were engaged in the same game, "putting the bum on every neatly dressed person who passed by!" Thus competition existed. As an habitual "bum" I have never met with success. It seemed to me, that Sunday night, as though I was

being forced into a continued fast whether I liked it or not. One well-known writer claims the starvation cure to be good for those who care to indulge in it. But when a person is simply hungry, what good will the "cures" do him? The organ of my body known as "stomach" not only reacted upon my mind but the "darn" thing was also in the way of my backbone.

I strolled back and forth; up and down the skid road. Finally, I encountered old Boomer. Like myself he was an expert scribbler. But our scribbles never brought forth more than a "coffee and". Boomer had a broad smile on his face, the first I had seen in a long while.

"Well, Mariner," he spoke up, "I hear you've landed a master".

"Quite true, Boomer, quite true," I replied. "But the master isn't worrying me just now!"

So I sprung the sad news on him. "Boomer, when do we eat?"

He dug into his pockets and drew out a thin dime. Tears came into his eyes as he spoke. "I rustled this dime this morning. Let's get a 'coffee and', and divide it between us."

We went into a Jap restaurant and ordered our beloved, lifesaving "coffee and". Boomer drank the coffee and I ate the doughnuts.

The following day the "Admiral Watson" sailed. No further fear existed in my mind of not eating. At the first port of call north I remembered Boomer via the postal route, for brotherly love existed between us when we parted with his last dime.

Education As a Social and Class Problem

By T. KEKKONEN

In every society, where social relations are developed, the question of education arises. In primitive societies practically all advice to the younger generation is given by the leaders or old men and women of the tribe. In more advanced societies education is more or less a specialized social institution.

In the present industrial age education forms a very important part of social life. So important is our school system for present society that we cannot conceive of this society without it. Many are those who believe that our educational institution is more important than all other existing institutions.

Education and Revolutionary Workers

With revolutionary workers an education is now, and will be in the future, a paramount issue. It is so now because in many cases our present-day labor is without even a preliminary, but sorely needed, education from the schools that are conducted by society. This is largely true as far as those are concerned who emigrated to the United States from other countries. In the future, working class education is more important in view of the necessary revolutionary change that is expected to take place in the control of the means of production and distribution. In this case particularly the working class should have an educational system of its own kind. And when such a situation is nearing us, it will not do to ask, "Are you ready?" When a revolutionary situation arises, then the working class must be ready to cope with it, or to pay the penalty, which is failure.

I. W. W. and Its Educational Program

The I. W. W. as an organization has adopted many times an educational program. Realizing the necessity of education in the labor movement, it planned systematic campaigns to educate its membership as well as to extend the influence of the organization through education outside of the organization. Eight years ago the I. W. W. passed a first resolution in its general convention to obtain connection with the Work People's College at Duluth, Minnesota, for the benefit of its members. However, through the persistent persecution of the American capitalist class against the members of the I. W. W. and the organization as a whole, it was practically six years later, or in the year 1923, that the organization directly took charge of the school to such an extent as to place its own teacher in it.

What Is the Work People's College?

Undoubtedly there are many members in the I. W. W. asking, "What is the Work Peoples College?" Briefly told, the history of this college is similar to that of the American working class, which is largely emigrated here from various other countries. This particular school was first founded by religious reformers. The first revolution over the school was made when the political socialist movement had taken strong hold among Finnish workers in America, and thus this college was taken over and the program of the school was changed accordingly. When the split came in the Socialist Party of the United States, the Work People's College was left to those who were inclined toward

industrial unionism. Thus the offer was made to the I. W. W. to co-operate with this college to maintain its education.

The next school year, opening on November 15, being the third year in which the I. W. W. co-operates with the school, sees the Work People's College known throughout the membership of the I. W. W. It is interesting to note the enthusiasm displayed by the members of the organization toward this problem of education. This attempt by the members of the I. W. W. to secure systematic education is giving more hope than anything else at this time. We must emphasize **this time** for the reason that although we are nearing, perhaps rapidly, an industrial revolution, nevertheless, the revolutionary situation in America is not here now. With this fact in view, it is high time for industrial workers to secure education, the **right kind** of education, to be ready when a revolutionary situation shall arise.

Some political groups have charged us with being counter-revolutionary because we told the facts about the economic situation in the United States. Now everybody, knowing the least of the economic situation in America, knows that the revolutionary situation is not here now. Let us understand our position more clearly in the future, and for this we must use all our efforts on educational lines.

Best School For Workers

The Work People's College is now in a better position to serve American labor than it ever has been before. Last year the school was modernized with a city water system. On the financial side, which has been many times a burden for the institution, things are now also cleared up. Early in the summer the Finnish members, who were heretofore the backbone of the school, collected ten thousand dollars for the payment of a mortgage loan, and thus that embarrassment will not hinder any more the real function of the institution.

Best, and most interesting, however, is the fact that now the I. W. W. as an organization is also in the best position to fill the faculty with most capable teachers and lecturers. Let every class-conscious fellow worker try to direct his or her way to the Work People's College and transfer class-consciousness to class knowledge, for in this way we make ourselves better and more fitting to **construct the new society within the shell of the old.**

For further information write to the Work People's College, Box 39, Morgan Park, Duluth, Minn.

A New Sun Worshipper

By MARY HOPE

SOME of the choicest huts of Bradley had cellars in which the foreigners kept thick peppered rolls of bologna and gray-stockinged cheeses and kegs of wine built to the roof of the cellar. Even the most wretched of families possessed a small portion of these products of the European belly-culture. Rajov, a steel worker, lived in a house which was back of a dump from which a perennial mist sailed like a wave of smoke through the windows. A few yards the other side freight cars were harbored in the millyards, where all green growths and courageous blossoms were crushed beneath the weight of countless-shaped steel boulders. Rajov's roof, cold and black, had waited a long time for a kind shower of sunlight, but with the years, the mill-chimneys grew higher and higher, spitting their fumes viciously and keeping the sun from Rajov's roof. In his cellar, Rajov kept not cheese or bologna or wine, but a real human being, an old man whose head was growing toward the ground on account of the low roof of his underground dwelling place.

The neighbors were not curious and did not bother about the old man; there were many queer things in the little steel city and the watchfulness of the great machines they tended kept them from prying into each other's affairs. Day in and day out the old man stayed in his cellar and never once was he seen to come out of his hole and stand in open light.

Something happened in Bradley during the time when the mill-people were wrapped in a great black heat. The mills were enormous boilers, sizzling forth long russet streams of sweat which melted into the slack and the millions of gassy substances. The smoke of the mills formed thick clouds hiding the sun, and the walls of the mills made a barrier strong as a forest against the wind. Machine-tenders were absorbed and collapsed by the heat; children were pale flowers whose rosy vitality was being sucked up by the hungry lips of the sweltering city; lonely patches of grass were of a shrunken yellowness from lack of a cool rain or the reviving slap of the wind. Heat ran like a beast through the city, fastening savage teeth upon the population and any breath of life. Yet in this world of heat there was no clear

view of the sun whose golden throat was clutched within the black bands of smoke and soot.

But the something that happened in Bradley was not the death wrought out of the sunless, heat-slaughtering walls of the steel city. It was a desire that came out of the red hearts of men and like a strong wind it tore off the roof of their apathy and whispered one word: **Strike!**

This one word became a mighty roar that shook the gates of the mills open and sent long files of sooty men streaming into the street, hats in hands, and with smiles that seemed to have emanated from their muscles, waiting and glad for this rest—the first since the mills were built. The bells stopped blowing, the roars of the machines were silent, the ooze of smoke trailed into the climbing vine of slack, settled into little nests and did not move for lack of steam to blow it further. Empty, mute, lonely, the dark monster of the steel mills lay slain by the daggers of the workers' red manhood.

During the night the mills were quiet, not a stream of soot sailed out of the throats of the chimneys and no man passed by the closed gates. Across the face of a strange moon some birds flew quickly, afraid of the dark city they had never before seen.

And in the Rajov cellar, the old man heard the word come through the crevices of the kitchen floor: **Strike.** In his clay-hole he slept that night, and dreams he had lost in a seabound foreign land returned to him; in the morning he rubbed his muscles and chuckled as though something beautiful had happened to him.

Rajov and his wife looked up in astonishment at the sight of the old man climbing the cellar steps. He saluted them and went outdoors. Far across the arrogant tops of the factories had come a wind during the night, a sweeping pilgrim, and with great breaths had cleaned the roofs and streets and wiped the faces of the flowers until they shone like tiny sunsets. Far above the old man's head shone the sun. Children playing in the gutters paused and whispered to each other that the old man was praying, for there he stood, his hair blowing in the glad wind, his face uplifted to the sky and on his lips a prayer, "The sun. The sun."

Mary Hope, the author of the above has written an artistic and sympathetic biography of Rosa Sacco, wife of Nicola Sacco of the Sacco and Vanzetti case. It was intended to have this sketch appear in the November issue of the *Industrial Pioneer*, but circumstances over which we have no control have compelled its postponement until a later date. The Sacco-Vanzetti case will be very much in the public eye for the next few months, owing to the decision of Judge Thayer of Massachusetts to disregard the evidence of prosecution perjury and attempt to rush these two workers to the electric chair. A subscription to *Industrial Pioneer* will insure your getting the issue in which "The Story of Rosa Sacco" is printed.

Nobody Loves a Fat Man

By JIM SEYMOUR

ONCE upon a time there was a man who was very fat. He was festooned with layers of blubber that began directly under the eyes and increased geometrically in size to a point below politeness, as though he were a mannikin built of varisized auto tires. His eyes were the eyes of a hog and his snout was one that would make a farmer itch to put a ring in it. His whole general appearance was that of a hog, but the scientists of his day knew that his brain was only partly porcine. It had not yet developed to a stage where he could claim intellectual equality with the hog; besides, the development, infinitely slight though it was, seemed to be along the lines followed by the brain of the fox in the remote past. In short, the fat man was cunning, but not intelligent; not even intelligent enough to know the difference between the two.

And be it known that in the fat man's day there were many others similarly built, though to a lesser degree. They were just as stupid as the fat man, but not so cunning; and they were just as greedy as the fat man, but their respect for the fat man's greater cunning prevented their even trying to nose into his wallow. So it was that their snouts were not so well covered with filth, and often what filth did adhere to them was encrusted and cracked and ready to fall off. This caused them to feel that they were cleaner than the fat man, and often-times to glory in the thought, but it never deterred them from their incessant attempts to smear their noses with fresh filth when the fat man wasn't looking. True, the fat man was so fat that his eyes were nearly closed and he never would have noticed their rooting but for the fact that they always squealed on one another and attracted his attention.

One day while the fat man was waddling around, sniffing and grunting and looking for more swill, perhaps longing instinctively for some exceptionally filthy tidbit, he wandered to the edge of a swamp that to one of any other species would have been nauseating, so vile was the smell arising therefrom.

"Ugh, ugh," said the fat man, "this looks like good pickin'. Whee-e-e! just smell the army of that muck further out."

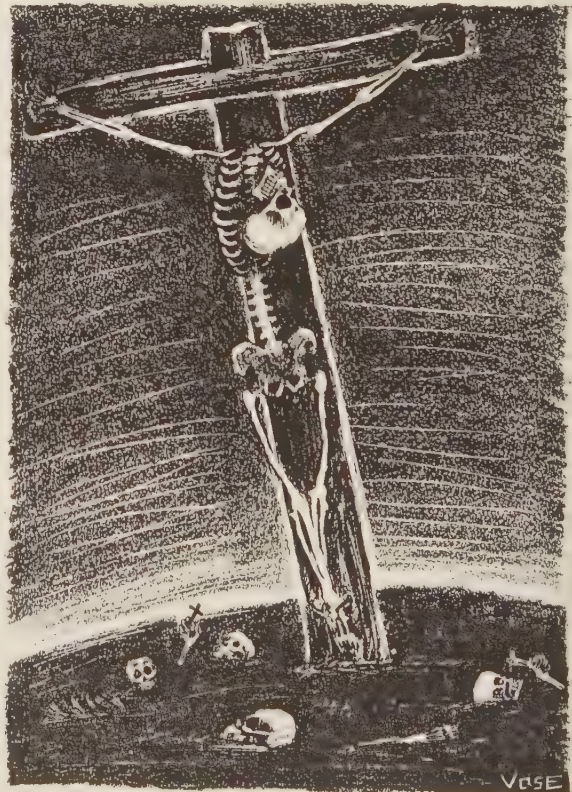
He called for his retainers to advise him how best to get out there, but the retainers had wandered off in search of a tidbit for themselves. They had discovered the decaying carcass of a coyote, and being very hungry they did not hear the fat man's calls. Otherwise, as every psychologist knows, they would have scampered pell-mell to the fat man, to advise him in earnest whines and to growl and snap at each other the while.

So the fat man, much as he resented being compelled to exert himself, gathered a few layers of fat in each hand and jumped for a tuft of grass standing in the slimy water. He landed all right,

but the grass was not stable. It tipped forward and the fat man slipped into the muck. This was just where he had wanted to be; but very soon he discovered that it was hardly the place for a fat man, for underneath the muck was some quicksand, and already the fat man's feet were imbedded and he was slowly sinking more and more. He squealed loudly for his bodyguards and they, having finished their banquet, came running. They approached as near as their courage would permit and pulled him this way and that, but with each pull he sank deeper. And the sand, working in between the layers of fat, tickled him so that he shook violently and sank deeper and deeper. His valiant rescuers then noticed that he had sunk so far that his pockets were covered by the quicksand and it would be impossible for him to put his hands into them. They accordingly held a very brief pow-wow and trotted away, leaving him to his fate.

As the shades of night closed over the noisome morass the muck closed over the top of the fat man's head; the moon peeped from behind a cloud and smiled contentedly, and a wise old owl fluttered into a tree, winked at the moon and said, "Who, who?"

MORAL: If you are unprincipled, beware of your kind.



RELIGION.

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

The Wobs Are Psyched Again

A BOOK REVIEW By CARD No. 794514

THE I. W. W. has endured many attacks by psychologists. First the social psychologists of the McDougall type blamed us for having "mob spirit," accused us of surrendering our individuality to the "mob mind," and intimated that we were highly suggestible personages. After that came the Freudians, who said McDougall was all wrong, and they converted our old friend Carlton Parker, and he decided that we were all suffering from "complexes." Now the behaviorists are knocking spots out of Freud because his "genius is painfully narrow," and they too are beginning to battle the I. W. W.

All of this should not prevent us from learning something from the psychologists if we can.

Floyd Henry Allport of the University of South Carolina has written a most readable book on the subject of social psychology, and still maintains that he is a behaviorist. In this he is assuming a somewhat heretical stand, according to the older behaviorists, who were disposed to assert that there wasn't any such thing as social psychology.

The reason for their attitude is understandable when one considers the basis of their theory, and the origin of it. It is essentially a reaction against the dreamy, mystical, introspective methods of still older schools which seemed to some of the more scientifically minded investigators to be getting nowhere. These latter started, a few years ago, to demand accurate, and if possible, experimental measurements and comparison of human behavior, leaving out of consideration, for the present at least, all such immeasurable things as consciousness, will power, etc. This method developed a mass of fact, from which a working hypothesis was formed to the effect that all human action and thought was to be explained as a result of material stimuli upon the body, which set in motion certain automatic responses, as mechanical as pressing a button and making a bell ring.

As a beginning, in behaviorist books, this one not excepted, we are treated to a discussion of nerves and nerve tissue. All nerves are made up of nerve cells, which are branched. They lie close-

ly enough together so that the branches of one nearly touch the branches of others. If some stimulus is applied to one of these branches, so arranged that it can be stimulated by pressure, light, sound waves, temperature, or the secretions of the body itself, a wave of some sort, electrical or chemical, passes along the tissue of the nerve cell until it comes to the ends of the other branches of that cell. Then it has to cross a minute space, called a synapse, after which it continues through another cell, to set in motion some part of the body, as a response. Feeling and emotion do not cause this passage of the nervous current nor do they cause the reaction of the body; they accompany it, or not, depending on other circumstances. Even if they accompany it, they sometimes are not felt even, until the action is started, or perhaps until it is completed. It is as though they were by-products of the action.

On the other hand, they are implicated in the next reaction, and serve perhaps to intensify reactions, though some behaviorists would deny even that. Many if not all emotions are the accompaniments of secretions of internal glands of the body, and seem to be caused by them. But the glands act in response to physical stimuli.

The experimental evidence of the laboratories seems to prove most of this. The theoretical part is the ascribing to the synapses of peculiar and important powers. Behaviorist theory must stand or fall on the correctness of their guess as to the ability of the synapses to resist the conductivity of the nervous impulse (this prevents overstimulation, and permits selection of impulses); to change their own conductivity, as a result of repeatedly conducting the same sort of stimulus, (this is the way habits are formed, and learning accomplished); to correlate numerous incoming nervous impulses, and send them out along one outgoing nerve, and vice versa (this permits complicated reflexes); and to permit the impulse to pass in one direction only (without which, presumably, there would be a high state of disorganization.)

If the synopsis can do all this, then the behaviorist can explain every-



Introverts And Extroverts?



thing else, including thought, which is simply a rapid implicit (not overt) trial and error learning, the trials being stimulated by slight efforts in the direction of every possible reaction to the stimulus, each of which is inhibited, or stopped, by great resistance of the synapses which have not habitually acted in that direction, until the path of least resistance is found, through the synapses which previous experiences have "educated," or reduced the resistance of, and the man acts, as we say, logically. Some thought is consciously of this type. All thought depends on previous experience, with its education of the nervous system, which is, essentially, a weakening of the resistance in certain synapses, and an increase of the resistance in others.

"Prepotency"

The behaviorists allow us mighty little instinct. Man, they think, is born with certain "prepotent" tracks through the wilderness of his synapses, and these are extremely vague and general in nature; they may be called, "starting and withdrawing," "rejecting," "struggling," "hunger reactions," "sensitive zone reactions," and "sex reactions." Some of these do not develop until after the child has been born some considerable time. Contrary to the Freudians this behaviorist will argue that sex does not develop until the age of puberty, and that the theory of infantile sexuality, almost a basis of psycho-analysis, is false, "sensitive zone reactions" accounting for the facts which Freud observed in infants and thought were sexual.

Education, learning, environment, account for all modifications and "broadening" of these fundamental reactions. The theory of conditioned response explains much of the complexity which the human reactions show after some training. In a few words, a conditioned response is a reaction which the body makes to a stimulus not originally sufficient to cause such a reaction. The reason for the reaction is that this slight stimulus has always, or usually, accompanied a bigger stimulus, and the synapses have a reduced resistance for both of them. Thus the baby learns at the slight stimulus of the word "hot" to avoid any object to which that word is applied, if he has previously touched objects which are actually hot, and heard the word "hot" applied to them.

It is these conditioned responses, of which there are an immense number of possible combinations of stimuli, including the tones of voice, catch words, phrases, facial changes, bodily postures, as well as more overt movements and acts, that make not only learning, but social learning, possible, or, in

other words, make a social psychology possible. The newer behaviorists regard the nervous system of the individuals as necessary for psychology, all right, but recognize that crowds and all sorts of other combinations of people are part of the individual's environment--as much so as other sources of stimuli.

This opens up the subject of drives, ambitions, rivalries, leadership, suggestion, organization, submission, newspapers, the state, unions, riots, war, patriotism, schools, the family, fads, fancies, styles, advertising, salesmanship, and many other things dependent on social relationship. There is much that is stimulating to thought, and some that can be accepted uncritically, perhaps, though a radical will always have a lingering doubt as to whether or not Mr. Allport might be guessing at some of this nearly as badly as he guessed at the ideas and slogans of the I. W. W. There are some terrible errors, in the parts we know most about, and they detract from our faith in those parts we know little about. This is a wrong attitude on our part, for experts in one field of knowledge are always butting into other fields where they know little, and assuming there authority they do not possess. Allport's errors in sociology do not prevent him from being a good psychologist.

God—On Probation

The behavioristic theory, with its emphasis on the necessity of the nervous system, and its minute inspection of the human body, finding in it all necessary explanations of the supposedly "mental" or "spiritual" acts of mankind, should be a complete antidote to religion, the idea of the soul, spirits, spooks, ghosts, gods, angels, etc. Allport is able to make out a case for religion, but only as a means of escape, for "introverted" people, those who follow what he has previously, in this same book, condemned as a most unsuccessful method of overcoming personal deficiencies, namely, imagining that they are relieved. The sinful or the defective introvert can lay his shortcomings on Jesus, and be loved by him, all in fantasy. And Allport advocates this; well, we all have our inconsistent moments.

"Soak The Reds!"

There isn't the same excuse for the author's repeated attempt to explain away the radical. Listen to this:

"Uncompensated attitudes of inferiority in regard to poverty and obscurity are reflected in the tendency toward political and philosophical radicalism. Here again the cry is against the injustice of the environment, but this time it is an unfair political and economic regime which has robbed the individual of success. Differences of ability are overlooked and all men are considered equal in merit and deserved reward. From this axiom, it is deduced that, since some achieve more wealth and power than others, there must be a basic injustice in the social order. Inferiority within the individual is obscured by this rationalization. . . . The type is too familiar to require illustration."

Perhaps the type is too familiar to Allport to require illustration, but it is wholly a newspaper type. If Allport had taken the trouble to read any socialist, anarchist, or I. W. W. literature, he would have found that none of these main branches of radicalism hold any such views about "equality." That doctrine is written into the Declaration of Independence, the French constitutions, and sundry other highly respectable and conservative documents. No one believes it any more, and least of all the radicals. What the radicals want, is the full net product of their labor, be it much or little. Even those who wish to take it socially, that is, in a form of distributive communism, readily admit that one person will create more than another.

Doesn't Sound Natural

But Allport doesn't know anything about radicals anyhow. Listen again: "A leaflet was recently circulated by the I. W. W. headquarters describing twenty-nine ways in which their members had been unjustly persecuted. References are frequent in these groups to their 'economic oppressors,' and to their 'beloved leaders' who are languishing in prison through the injustice of a capitalist regime."

Those groups of radicals which believe in leaders at all never refer to them as "beloved." The attitude of radicals to their fellow workers in prison is exactly that of an army which has lost some of its men in battle. They are to be recaptured; it is part of the struggle. Allport's evident unfamiliarity with radical theories and attitudes has led him again into ridiculous misstatement.

And once more: "The Bolshevik believes in sending bombs through the mail because . . ." Whatever else the Bolshevik does or does not believe, there is an extensive pre-revolutionary literature made up of arguments between the Bolsheviks, who did **not** believe in sending bombs through the mail, with the socialist revolutionaries of the left, who did so believe. Merely Allport making another exhibition of ignorance about all sorts of radicalism.

Peaceful Rioting

His knowledge of radicalism is on a par with his knowledge of English history. What are you going to do with a man who says, "Thus in England, a peaceful class system has existed for generations, while in America . . ." And he says this right in the face of peasant revolts, "Great Rebellions" (of the bourgeoisie against the nobles), "Glorious Revolutions," machine smashing riots, Chartist riots, and the present arming of the British Fascisti against the labor unions!

What are you going to say to a man who stops his discussion of social psychology to boost the League of Nations as the agent of peace—in spite of the facts that all the countries in the League are even now arming against each other, and the whole League is arming against America?

On what common ground can you meet a fellow like Allport who thinks that "overspeculation" and "too great an extension of credit" lay the founda-

tion of a panic, and brings about depression—that old, discarded theory!

But for all that, he admits that some social wrongs are objective. If he could be convinced of the Marxian theory of surplus value, he might admit that some radicals, at least, fall into the group of inventors, which he praises highly. There are such people as social inventors. He might admit that the bulk of the individuals in radical movements are men who see a little farther than some, and are fighting for their class, even as the present masters of industry came into power, by fighting for their class, against the nobles.

And we, on our part, will do well to remember that some "radicals" are really not radicals in our interpretation of the word, but in Allport's, and we will save ourselves a lot of trouble by watching them. Every movement has its "lunatic fringe," and if Allport helps us to realize this, we forgive him his insults, even his ignorance.

Behaviorism does destroy the foundation for that ancient but still persistent argument against radicalism: "You can't change human nature." Man, according to the behaviorists, is not a bundle of eternal instincts, but a mass of conditioned responses, which are learned, and are therefore socially changeable.

SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY, By Floyd Henry Allport. Houghton, Mifflin Co. 453 pages. \$2.50.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of *The Industrial Pioneer*, published once a month at Chicago, Ill., for October 1st, 1924.

State of Illinois) ss.
County of Cook)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Frank Gallagher, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the **Business Manager of the Industrial Pioneer**, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Name of Publisher: **Industrial Workers of the World, 1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.**

Name of Editor: **Vern Smith, 1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Illinois.**

Managing Editor: **Vern Smith, 1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.**

Business Manager: **Frank Gallagher, 1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.**

2. That the owners are: **Industrial Workers of the World, 1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.; Tom Doyle, Sec.-Treas., 1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.**

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: **None.**

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

F. J. GALLAGHER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1924.

EMIL HORWEEN, Notary Public.
(My commission expires Jan. 24, 1928.)

[SEAL]

